

Maclean's



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OUT OF
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Canada's most respected
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So fine in flavour.

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Maclean's

- 4 Interview
- 8 James Quig
- 10 Letters
- 13 Preview
- 14 Cover Story
- 46 World News
- 50 People
- 51 Business
- 53 Sports
- 54 Leisure
- 56 Theatre
- 60 Film
- 62 Television
- 64 Fotheringham



The Referendum Debate: Some of Quebec's Anglos may envision themselves racing ahead of the Lévesque bandits, but James Quig's family doesn't want to talk about it—what about Quig's cat? **Page 8**



The Parliament Hill Hole: Anybody who can look beyond the roof of the tuxedo and the pat of the jaw can now see, thanks to illegal buggery, break-ins and more, the warts on the noble Mounties. **Page 14**



The college country: More than any other people in the world, Canadians love, buy and go to summer cottages. Why fight all the traffic, blackouts and off-the-beaten-plumbing? For the Fun of it. **Page 20**



L'homme fuyant: Despite the fact that in English Canada they hardly know his name, much less how to say it, Yves Deschamps' comical monologue, is the nation's most popular performer. **Page 24**



OUT OF ORDER
h regional 3:00
h30 local 5:30
Disinformation guaranteed: The service seems to vary inversely as the name, a technological advance turns into a rust, and there's damned service. What's wrong at the post office? Name it. **Page 40**



A former fight restored: If any doc has remained about what Robin Phillips was doing at the Stratford Festival, most—if not all—were dispensed with the magnificence of Richard III. **Page 56**

When you have a taste for better things

So pure...so smooth
Beefeater's good taste always tells.
Distilled and bottled in
London, England.

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Granger, 44; George C. Oakman, 45; Jennifer M. Smith, 46; Patricia A. Smith, 47; George C. Oakman, 48; Edward M. Rothstein, 49; Bruce L. Smith, 50; Lauren E. Granger, 51; George C. Oakman, 52; Jennifer M. Smith, 53; Patricia A. Smith, 54; George C. Oakman, 55; Edward M. Rothstein, 56; Bruce L. Smith, 57; Lauren E. Granger, 58; George C. Oakman, 59; Jennifer M. Smith, 60; Patricia A. Smith, 61; George C. Oakman, 62; Edward M. Rothstein, 63; Bruce L. Smith, 64; Lauren E. Granger, 65; George C. Oakman, 66; Jennifer M. Smith, 67; Patricia A. Smith, 68; George C. Oakman, 69; Edward M. Rothstein, 70; Bruce L. Smith, 71; Lauren E. Granger, 72; George C. Oakman, 73; Jennifer M. Smith, 74; Patricia A. Smith, 75; George C. Oakman, 76; Edward M. Rothstein, 77; Bruce L. Smith, 78; Lauren E. Granger, 79; George C. Oakman, 80; Jennifer M. Smith, 81; Patricia A. Smith, 82; George C. Oakman, 83; Edward M. Rothstein, 84; Bruce L. Smith, 85; Lauren E. Granger, 86; George C. Oakman, 87; Jennifer M. Smith, 88; Patricia A. Smith, 89; George C. Oakman, 90; Edward M. Rothstein, 91; Bruce L. Smith, 92; Lauren E. Granger, 93; George C. Oakman, 94; Jennifer M. Smith, 95; Patricia A. Smith, 96; George C. Oakman, 97; Edward M. Rothstein, 98; Bruce L. Smith, 99; Lauren E. Granger, 100; George C. Oakman, 101; Jennifer M. Smith, 102; Patricia A. Smith, 103; George C. Oakman, 104; Edward M. Rothstein, 105; Bruce L. Smith, 106; Lauren E. Granger, 107; George C. Oakman, 108; Jennifer M. Smith, 109; Patricia A. Smith, 110; George C. Oakman, 111; Edward M. Rothstein, 112; Bruce L. Smith, 113; Lauren E. Granger, 114; George C. Oakman, 115; Jennifer M. Smith, 116; Patricia A. Smith, 117; George C. Oakman, 118; Edward M. Rothstein, 119; Bruce L. Smith, 120; Lauren E. Granger, 121; George C. Oakman, 122; Jennifer M. Smith, 123; Patricia A. Smith, 124; George C. Oakman, 125; Edward M. Rothstein, 126; Bruce L. Smith, 127; Lauren E. Granger, 128; George C. Oakman, 129; Jennifer M. Smith, 130; Patricia A. Smith, 131; George C. Oakman, 132; Edward M. Rothstein, 133; Bruce L. Smith, 134; Lauren E. Granger, 135; George C. Oakman, 136; Jennifer M. Smith, 137; Patricia A. Smith, 138; George C. Oakman, 139; Edward M. Rothstein, 140; Bruce L. Smith, 141; Lauren E. Granger, 142; George C. Oakman, 143; Jennifer M. Smith, 144; Patricia A. Smith, 145; George C. Oakman, 146; Edward M. Rothstein, 147; Bruce L. Smith, 148; Lauren E. Granger, 149; George C. Oakman, 150; Jennifer M. Smith, 151; Patricia A. Smith, 152; George C. Oakman, 153; Edward M. Rothstein, 154; Bruce L. Smith, 155; Lauren E. Granger, 156; George C. Oakman, 157; Jennifer M. Smith, 158; Patricia A. Smith, 159; George C. Oakman, 160; Edward M. Rothstein, 161; Bruce L. Smith, 162; Lauren E. Granger, 163; George C. Oakman, 164; Jennifer M. Smith, 165; Patricia A. Smith, 166; George C. Oakman, 167; Edward M. Rothstein, 168; Bruce L. Smith, 169; Lauren E. Granger, 170; George C. Oakman, 171; Jennifer M. Smith, 172; Patricia A. Smith, 173; George C. Oakman, 174; Edward M. Rothstein, 175; Bruce L. Smith, 176; Lauren E. Granger, 177; George C. Oakman, 178; Jennifer M. Smith, 179; Patricia A. Smith, 180; George C. Oakman, 181; Edward M. Rothstein, 182; Bruce L. Smith, 183; Lauren E. Granger, 184; George C. Oakman, 185; Jennifer M. Smith, 186; Patricia A. Smith, 187; George C. Oakman, 188; Edward M. Rothstein, 189; Bruce L. Smith, 190; Lauren E. Granger, 191; George C. Oakman, 192; Jennifer M. Smith, 193; Patricia A. Smith, 194; George C. Oakman, 195; Edward M. Rothstein, 196; Bruce L. Smith, 197; Lauren E. Granger, 198; George C. Oakman, 199; Jennifer M. Smith, 200; Patricia A. Smith, 201; George C. Oakman, 202; Edward M. Rothstein, 203; Bruce L. Smith, 204; Lauren E. Granger, 205; George C. Oakman, 206; Jennifer M. Smith, 207; Patricia A. Smith, 208; George C. Oakman, 209; Edward M. Rothstein, 210; Bruce L. Smith, 211; Lauren E. Granger, 212; George C. Oakman, 213; Jennifer M. Smith, 214; Patricia A. Smith, 215; George C. Oakman, 216; Edward M. Rothstein, 217; Bruce L. Smith, 218; Lauren E. Granger, 219; George C. Oakman, 220; Jennifer M. Smith, 221; Patricia A. Smith, 222; George C. Oakman, 223; Edward M. Rothstein, 224; Bruce L. Smith, 225; Lauren E. Granger, 226; George C. Oakman, 227; Jennifer M. Smith, 228; Patricia A. Smith, 229; George C. Oakman, 230; Edward M. Rothstein, 231; Bruce L. Smith, 232; Lauren E. Granger, 233; George C. Oakman, 234; Jennifer M. Smith, 235; Patricia A. Smith, 236; George C. Oakman, 237; Edward M. Rothstein, 238; Bruce L. Smith, 239; Lauren E. Granger, 240; George C. Oakman, 241; Jennifer M. Smith, 242; Patricia A. Smith, 243; George C. Oakman, 244; Edward M. Rothstein, 245; Bruce L. Smith, 246; Lauren E. Granger, 247; George C. Oakman, 248; Jennifer M. Smith, 249; Patricia A. Smith, 250; George C. Oakman, 251; Edward M. Rothstein, 252; Bruce L. Smith, 253; Lauren E. Granger, 254; George C. Oakman, 255; Jennifer M. Smith, 256; Patricia A. Smith, 257; George C. Oakman, 258; Edward M. Rothstein, 259; Bruce L. Smith, 260; Lauren E. Granger, 261; George C. Oakman, 262; Jennifer M. Smith, 263; Patricia A. Smith, 264; George C. Oakman, 265; Edward M. Rothstein, 266; Bruce L. Smith, 267; Lauren E. Granger, 268; George C. Oakman, 269; Jennifer M. Smith, 270; Patricia A. Smith, 271; George C. Oakman, 272; Edward M. Rothstein, 273; Bruce L. Smith, 274; Lauren E. Granger, 275; George C. Oakman, 276; Jennifer M. Smith, 277; Patricia A. Smith, 278; George C. Oakman, 279; Edward M. Rothstein, 280; Bruce L. Smith, 281; Lauren E. Granger, 282; George C. Oakman, 283; Jennifer M. Smith, 284; Patricia A. Smith, 285; George C. Oakman, 286; Edward M. Rothstein, 287; Bruce L. Smith, 288; Lauren E. Granger, 289; George C. Oakman, 290; Jennifer M. Smith, 291; Patricia A. Smith, 292; George C. Oakman, 293; Edward M. Rothstein, 294; Bruce L. Smith, 295; Lauren E. Granger, 296; George C. Oakman, 297; Jennifer M. Smith, 298; Patricia A. Smith, 299; George C. Oakman, 300; Edward M. Rothstein, 301; Bruce L. Smith, 302; Lauren E. Granger, 303; George C. Oakman, 304; Jennifer M. Smith, 305; Patricia A. Smith, 306; George C. Oakman, 307; Edward M. Rothstein, 308; Bruce L. Smith, 309; Lauren E. Granger, 310; George C. Oakman, 311; Jennifer M. Smith, 312; Patricia A. Smith, 313; George C. Oakman, 314; Edward M. Rothstein, 315; Bruce L. Smith, 316; Lauren E. Granger, 317; George C. Oakman, 318; Jennifer M. Smith, 319; Patricia A. Smith, 320; George C. Oakman, 321; Edward M. Rothstein, 322; Bruce L. Smith, 323; Lauren E. Granger, 324; George C. Oakman, 325; Jennifer M. Smith, 326; Patricia A. Smith, 327; George C. Oakman, 328; Edward M. Rothstein, 329; Bruce L. Smith, 330; Lauren E. Granger, 331; George C. Oakman, 332; Jennifer M. Smith, 333; Patricia A. Smith, 334; George C. Oakman, 335; Edward M. Rothstein, 336; Bruce L. Smith, 337; Lauren E. Granger, 338; George C. Oakman, 339; Jennifer M. Smith, 340; Patricia A. Smith, 341; George C. Oakman, 342; Edward M. Rothstein, 343; Bruce L. Smith, 344; Lauren E. Granger, 345; George C. Oakman, 346; Jennifer M. Smith, 347; Patricia A. Smith, 348; George C. Oakman, 349; Edward M. Rothstein, 350; Bruce L. Smith, 351; Lauren E. Granger, 352; George C. Oakman, 353; Jennifer M. Smith, 354; Patricia A. Smith, 355; George C. Oakman, 356; Edward M. Rothstein, 357; Bruce L. Smith, 358; Lauren E. Granger, 359; George C. Oakman, 360; Jennifer M. Smith, 361; Patricia A. Smith, 362; George C. Oakman, 363; Edward M. Rothstein, 364; Bruce L. Smith, 365; Lauren E. Granger, 366; George C. Oakman, 367; Jennifer M. Smith, 368; Patricia A. Smith, 369; George C. Oakman, 370; Edward M. Rothstein, 371; Bruce L. Smith, 372; Lauren E. Granger, 373; George C. Oakman, 374; Jennifer M. Smith, 375; Patricia A. Smith, 376; George C. Oakman, 377; Edward M. Rothstein, 378; Bruce L. Smith, 379; Lauren E. Granger, 380; George C. Oakman, 381; Jennifer M. Smith, 382; Patricia A. Smith, 383; George C. Oakman, 384; Edward M. Rothstein, 385; Bruce L. Smith, 386; Lauren E. Granger, 387; George C. Oakman, 388; Jennifer M. Smith, 389; Patricia A. Smith, 390; George C. Oakman, 391; Edward M. Rothstein, 3

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The 'tribe' that kept its head when all about were losing theirs

Column by James Quig



It was a matter of fate and future and we couldn't avoid it any longer. I exited an emergency meeting for seven o'clock. Right after the dials.

"It's about those work gloves I bought?" asked one of the shareholders. "I got a receipt for them." "Good. But not that!" "The ticket broker?" wondered another. "Bigger than that. Call your brother."

I pulled up my chair. As president (founder) of Les Entreprises Moulin Desjardins Inc. I sat at the head of the table. My first vice-president, who is also my wife, sat on my left. She likes to be near the stove. My secretary-treasurer, who is also my 17-year-old daughter, sat on my right. Her \$14.1 million F70 calculator proved me breathing hard.

The rest of the family—parent brother and just sisters—all sat in the wings and pretended they'd prefer to be outside playing left field. Deep down, though, they are actually listening anxiously for potential late corporate earnings in preparation for the day we must make take-overs, you don't gamble just companies these days without a little horsework.

I banged my cup to get the first vice-president back from the stove. (If she'd perhaps mention here that we don't have a second vice-president yet. Or a third for that matter. But eventually it's only a matter of time. At present we are concentrating our activities to the historic safe business with an 18th just shut down by an old stream near Richmond Quebec in the Dartmouth Township. But the scope of our business, Les Entreprises Moulin Desjardins Inc. knows no borders—film and record production, real estate, restaurants, concerts it's all there. To think poor Paul Desjardins had to start up Power Corporation with nothing but a bus line.)

But we do have that fine French problem.

"As you all know, things are changing in the province of Quebec."

"About time," said one. "Heal! Heal!" said another.

"Do they shut it or do I want Kayak?" said the secretary-treasurer. I threaten a little body here.

"You have noticed, I'm sure, that some of our good friends of the French persuasion wear half-braces possessing their own wares of time. Placing their language instead of their machine on one loop. Politics instead of High Mass. Heal instead of Rock!"

"Next thing they'll be walking upright!" said one.

"On the same side of the street," said another.



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...and some of our business brothers are making nervous notes about stability. Threatening to pull out and move to places like Toronto where they can do more good. Just the other day Little McLaughlin.

"Isn't he the one who couldn't find a woman?"

"That's him," said the secretary-treasurer.

"Never mind," I continued. "If the Royal Bank is pretty corporate-and-head-office-wag, we'd better be too. What if the Royal pulls out and we're left holding the bag? With all our eggs in one basket. French-and-meat-wag."

"Take it here," said the hockey player.

"Toronto is not too hot a situation!" I replied. "The Leafs."

"I'd have to quit junior band," said the trombone player.

"Close to Buffalo and the Falls."

"Sell me today."

"You can usually get by with ice rather than your round and."

"Big deal."

"I am right on red lights," he said of the studio audience at *From Page One* long.

"You couldn't drag me away," said the secretary-treasurer. "And if you ever try."

Time to take off the table.

"Look here, here! The party's over. Quebec isn't what it used to be. We're part of a majority now."

"We always were," said one.

"Preservation has come to Les Entreprises Moulin Desjardins Inc. We'll all have to make a choice."

"Make a choice," said another.

"What size Mrs. Bennett said it'll be French from now on to finish."

"Despite the fact that she doesn't speak a word of English," said the hockey player, supportively.

"Anyone instead of her? Solid instead of being. To be sure, instead of—Judge. Do you want to lose like that? Showing it down our throat like."

"Fudge," said the secretary-treasurer.

"The laws will be French."

"Baiter to the people who write them," said one.

"And most of the people who live by them," said another.

"I felt my system rising in my throat. French in the air. French in the streets. French in the streets. Five million people speaking their own language. Not in Paris or Hong Kong but right here in the province of Quebec. As if they owned the place. French will be rampant. Confidence will flow in the streets. Do you really want to live like that? Think of your daughter, your elderly, your infirm. For God's sake at least open a bank account in Cornwall."

"Can we watch Kayak now?" asked one.

"All in French! Carry! Good-bye," said the secretary-treasurer.

"It's majority rule!" I screamed. "They won't speak when anyone!" But they wouldn't listen.

"I'll put on the tea," said the first vice-president.

"I guess we're staying," I announced.

"Look it to the press," said the secretary-treasurer. "Need will be glad to know."

James Quigley lives with his wife in Richmond, Quebec.

Here come Summer.

Imagine crystal clear Smirnoff deliciously flavoured with things juicy and cool and tart and tasty. Our water is bringing us six Smirnoff vintages of Summer. From your left: Smirnoff with lemonade; with soda, with iced tea, with orange juice, with tonic; with grape juice.

By the way, all those mixers taste good without Smirnoff, too. Just in case you're thirsty.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless

Preview

Having established his greatness, can Rod Carew move on to immortality?

Admittedly the prospect of a new 400 batter doesn't rank with the Second Coming—unless, of course, you're a stout baseball fan. Since 1941, when Ted Williams hit 400, there hasn't been a 400 batter in major league ball, and the rattering nabobs of negativism allowed it could never happen again, with all the novel, night games, etc., etc. despite the fact that a 39-year-old Williams was only six hits away (he hit 388) in 1957. And now there's Rod Carew, the 31-year-

old balance of the female reproductive system at the time of conception. Female-making sperm are killed off in an alkaline solution, male-making sperm in acid. The kit provides all that's required to make choice of gender work. Seven years to 1984... and counting.

Murder at the trysting-place

Aside from Elery Queen, authors rarely turn up as protagonists in their own novels. Certainly Agatha Christie never did. But that isn't stopping the film makers. With Vanessa Redgrave playing a young Dame Agatha, the so-yet-untitled movie will begin with a true-life episode in the writer's life—in her first marriage, an unglamorous and beleaguered match. Christie once went to a seaside town in disguise to catch her husband and his lover together—and then slip into fiction, as the author attempts to solve a murder mystery in the style of the success she created.



Vanessa: Acting out Agatha



Carew: there's nothing to it, really—big throw, no hit

old first baseman of the Minnesota Twins of the American League. As the season neared its halfway point, Carew broke the 400 barrier and, as the acknowledged best hitter in the game, just could say up there. The five-one at batting champion (lifetime average .328) has two things going for him this year: expansion-filmed pitching staffs, and Larry White, the current AL leader in runs batted in, hitting behind him, meaning that Carew must be pushed to, not around.

A boy for you / a girl for me . . .

Remember: "Poor old Thelma, she really wanted a boy!" Or "We'd sort of like a girl to complete the family?" Well, once again Mother Nature has been warped, as an American company prepares to put a Gender Selection Kit on the market. For \$30 you can, with an 85% certainty (or so it's claimed), decide what sex your next baby should be. The kit evolved from a book by an obstetrician-gynecologist that contends that the sex of babies relies heavily on the acid-

Thanks for the memory, et al

Bob Hope is talking about Bing Crosby and himself making one last "road" movie to be filmed, probably, *The Road To The Foreman Of Fun*. But first there's *The Road To Toronto*, on October 13 Hope and Crosby will be honored at Maple Leaf Gardens by the Charlie Conacher (senior) Research Fund. For past works, and for honoring the fund's 10th anniversary show without fee, the two men will receive three-pound, 14 karat gold plaques in the shape of maple leaves and valued at \$10,000 each. The plaques were designed and rendered by Ralph who started donating jewelry designs only seven years ago, and now operates a one-million-dollar business with 1,000 outlets in Canada alone.

Wait till next year

Maclean's is not in the habit of talking about next as its own past. It's tradition is not the magazine—but should it be. However, on a few occasions the magazine in past years as well as reporting it. October, 1975, when it shifted to a bi-weekly news magazine. June 20, when the announcement was made that it would become Canada's first independent weekly news magazine. And it will be true in 14 months. And it will be true in 14 months. On September 11, 1978, when

Maclean's



the first weekly news magazine comes off the presses. A giant of what will be spoken and written by the nation's most readers. And a couple of things that will show the frequency staff should have significant, positive impact on the nation's news and a rapid delivery system that will have the magazine on Toronto's newsstands on Monday mornings, only hours after it's printed, and at the newsstands of the nation shortly thereafter.



Synthesizer, feedback, phlogeston.

**Studios.
Agencies. Lofts.
Galleries.**

What ever happened to gloomy offices? Where did Toronto's fabulous, electric and exposed-beam business quarters come from, with their potated palms and beautiful people?

More important, what's the sound decor that goes so well with a century-old Toronto warehouse (or so it's said)?

Listen, and more often than not, it's the full, rich, stereo sound of CKFM. The sound of bright people talking to bright people. Contemporary music. Definitive and original programming that pieces the business day into night.

The sound of a city in touch with itself, even while it works. Toronto, you're working to the sound of the great FM years on CKFM 99.9

Canada

The Parliament Hill Mob

In 1869, Constable Haines of the North-West Mounted Police tried to lead the north-east mob through a heavy winter sleeping in snowdrifts. To increase the risk, he was wearing a topcoat and a hat. In 1908, Inspector E. A. Pelletier and his squad tried to lead a mob through a heavy winter sleeping in snowdrifts. To increase the risk, he was wearing a topcoat and a hat. In 1908, Inspector E. A. Pelletier and his squad tried to lead a mob through a heavy winter sleeping in snowdrifts. To increase the risk, he was wearing a topcoat and a hat.

Such is the stuff that for 106 years made the Royal Canadian Mounted Police a prominent national symbol—more entrenched than hulkheads and maple syrup, more enduring than Mounties. And it was the stuff that made the Mounties a symbol of the Canadian state. It was the stuff that made the Mounties a symbol of the Canadian state. It was the stuff that made the Mounties a symbol of the Canadian state.

All indications, according to authoritative government sources, point to even worse discoveries to come, including possible disclosure of a substantial portion of the

legal break-in, wiretapping, bugging and other secret tactics by the RCMP's Security Service. And the issue of who, if anyone, now controls the RCMP has suddenly become an intensely national concern.

Historically, the RCMP has carried enormous, often secret, power over the lives of Canadians. Whether the well-served and trusted or the feared and hated, the RCMP was the government's most important instrument. Then, in the 1950s, the force embraced the liberal movement and acted as a body of law enforcement. In the 1960s, the RCMP was the government's most important instrument.

Those were the days when the state terror squad was formed in Quebec and when illegal tactics were apparently accepted as regular tools in counterespionage against terrorists. It appears, however, that the techniques spread to other areas of the force as well. When complaints were lodged, the Mounties categorically investigated the charges against their members with predictable results. That, at least, is one indisputable conclusion emerging from the government's official inquiries and allegations about its secret activities right across the country.

In Edmonton, for example, a judicial inquiry by Judge James Leysall of the Alberta Supreme Court has been pre-

By Robert Lewis

occupied by charges that RCMP Inspector Steve Madala begged the hotel rooms of three Edmonton policemen, who had gone to Winnipeg to authenticate documents seized in a joint Edmonton-RCMP raid on Royal American Sheds, a Florida-based midway operation that played the Prairie riot.

The probe focused on testimony that an RCMP corporal had asked disciplinary action by drawing the alleged begging to the attention of assistant commissioner Peter Wright. The inquiry heard from Wright that an internal Manitoba investigation was bungled when another assistant commissioner, Donald Wardrop, failed to take notes during his interview and, as a result, wasn't sure who told him what. Solicitor General Francis Fox also refused to release an internal RCMP report on the matter as the inquiry on grounds that national security and international relations would be threatened.

In Fredericton, a federal judicial inquiry under Chief Justice Charles Hughes of the New Brunswick Supreme Court has heard testimony from two to three officers that their superior, Superintendent J. B. Giroux, ordered them to drop an investigation of allegations that the governing provincial Conservative Party has been running a potentially explosive political kickback scheme with private contractors. One of the officers, Sergeant Ron Wolsey, "strongly disagreed" and went over Giroux' head to report the charges to



Haden, on the right, shaking hands with predecessor, L. H. Nicholson (top), the scene of the crime, then Agence de Presse (above) and Goyer (right), a law for law, another for Haden.

Montreal headquarters in Ottawa.

And in Toronto after a break-in at Press Corp., a poor people's organizing group, stolen documents ended up in the hands of the RCMP. Frank O'Brien, a Conservative MP from British Columbia, charged in the Commons that then solicitor general Jean-Pierre Goyer (now Minister of Supply and Services) used the documents to show up a list of alleged anti-government and servants. Metro Toronto police have cleared the RCMP of involvement in the Press break-in, but when

was Naden's claim that he had the front's image. The case has been marked by the persistent reluctance of the RCMP and the government to answer some profound questions raised by their own open statements. A partial list of unanswered issues:

- What was the RCMP doing participating with Quebec and Montreal police in the October 6-7, 1972, entry without a warrant? The official response is that the Crown-based Anti-Terrorist Squad (CATS) suspected that the RCMP was an RCMP front and that it files contained evidence of a terrorist action planned on the second anniversary of the assassination of Pierre Laporte, the Quebec cabinet minister who died while being held by the RCMP in October 1970.

- If so, why was the response to such a potentially explosive incident approved by then Inspector Donald Cobb of the RCMP in Montreal and not by Minister Jean Goyer in Ottawa? Why was the commissioner of the RCMP and the head of the Quebec Provincial Police, as they assert, not consulted on the raid?

- Why didn't the RCMP immediately inform Goyer of their involvement? Why didn't Goyer ask the Minister if they were involved after the RCMP sent him a letter asking for his involvement? Goyer says he never saw the letter, that it was sent directly to the Minister for a reply.

- Did Goyer find out that he didn't want to know? If so, or if he simply overlooked the obvious query why did Goyer not resign under the time-honored tradition of ministerial responsibility?

- Why did Montreal police shut their internal investigation of the incident? What happened to the files removed from the RCMP office and why? Will Solicitor General Fox produce a number of documents destroyed in an RCMP fire last month to back up his assertion that none of them related to the RCMP case?

- How can Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau be so assured that the RCMP break-in was "an aberration" as isolated as when Goyer never bothered to ask in the case?

Presumably some of these questions will be answered as an inquiry ordered by the Quebec government, which opened its inquiry into the APC fire. One reason Ottawa has insisted on own inquiry is that Quebec Liberals have long, numerous of the reputation of the political careers of such former ministers as Guy Fauriol, Maurice Lévesque and Jacques Côté, who were banned by this type of investigation. Although the only existing records in the APC case are federal ones, the Trudeau government—despite public assurances of cooperation with Quebec—plans to be careful not to release documents in turn over to the Quebec inquiry. One reason federal officials are so cautious is that the head of the Quebec inquiry, Jean Kébel, is an accomplished 31-year-old Quebec City lawyer who had close political ties to the Parti Québécois. He has successfully

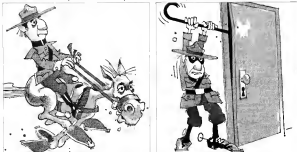


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Sellout Inc.

FIRA: Watchdog? Or lapdog?

By Ian Urquhart

The Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) is an organism to strengthen the ability of Canadians to shape their own destiny when it was passed four years ago in a bill apart in the face of corporate whine and government indifference. Critics charge that under the direction of Trade Minister Jean Chrétien, an anti-investor, the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) set up by the act has become little more than a welcome mat for foreign investors.

Nonetheless, Mr. Chrétien has learned beyond question that FIRA and the government are even, having their backs on possible violations of the act and at the present making a mockery of parliament's intentions. For example:

• UPS Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary of United Parcel Services of America, Inc.

the parcel delivery firm, applied for and was refused permission by FIRA and the government two years ago to take over Delvo (Canada) Inc., a computer operating in Ontario and Quebec. The rejection of the take-over had followed representations from the Post Office and CNA and Express, all of whom viewed this as a dangerous competition, and from the governments of Ontario and Quebec. There was concern that UPS, whose American parent has been convicted of monopolistic activity in the United States, was setting out to swallow its competition. The take-over, however, has gone ahead anyway, conditional on the transfer of Delvo's assets to UPS. Gene Howarth, commissioner of FIRA, says the take-over is now out of his hands because the purchase price is less

The FIRA track record as of June, 1977: so far, so good?

Take-overs	Number	Allowed	Disallowed	Withdrawn
Since April, 1974*	493	390	54	58
Since Sept. 14, 1976	190	162	10	17
New Businesses				
Since April, 1974*	306	266	20	20
Since Sept. 14, 1976	266	214	16	24

* FIRA starting date

☐ Christian's appointment

than \$250,000, the threshold that determines whether a transaction should be screened by the agency. But UPS's competitors say the American-owned company knew a substantial sale to Delvo before the firm's first, thereby triggering the price, originally set at \$500,000, below the threshold. UPS president Glen Smith acknowledges the issue was made, but will not disclose the amount. Says Smith: "My experience with selling this company is come back to haunt you." However, to set over the issue was made, but says a million difference to FIRA. "I don't know if this is contracting the spirit of the law. All I know is what the threshold is."

• In 1975, N. V. Indemans a Dutch firm took over Van-Hyde Processing Corp., an American company. Simultaneously, Indemans acquired control of Van-Hyde's Canadian subsidiary, a successful firm based in Ontario, Ont., and involved in the business of treating steel for strongest purposes. The governments of Ontario and Quebec vehemently opposed the take-over of the Canadian subsidiary as did the federal Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, which was considering making a grant to Canadian Van-Hyde. Accordingly, last May, FIRA and the government disallowed the take-over because the transaction had already taken place. However, the government's decision meant that Indemans had to divest itself of Canadian Van-Hyde. This was 14 months ago. Indemans still owns Canadian Van-Hyde after several attempts to sell it and the government, which could take the Dutch company to court to force divestment, seems paralyzed. Howarth calls it "one of the most difficult cases" he has faced at FIRA and says he will consider court action. Said Indemans president Bert Twilthoff after a meeting with FIRA officials: "If they go to court let's see what happens" he did not sound too concerned.

• In 1975, Marks and Spencer, a British owned department store chain, was allowed by FIRA and the government to take over Peoples Department Stores, a Canadian chain. But the government deci-

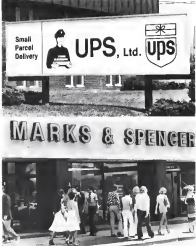
sion was conditional on Marks and Spencer's promises to open 44 new stores and provide 550 new jobs by the end of 1976. In fact, caught in an economic slowdown, Marks and Spencer opened just 19 new stores closed four others previously run by Peoples and ended up with an net loss of 716 jobs by the end of 1976. Instead of going to court to force Marks and Spencer to live up to its promises or sell off its holdings, FIRA and the government simply renewed the agreement with the British company to let them have the loss was made, but says a million difference to FIRA. "I don't know if this is contracting the spirit of the law. All I know is what the threshold is."

These are just four cases that have come to Maclean's attention. There is every reason to believe there are many other similar

The government argues that the new decisions are just as good as, if not better than, the old ones but refuses to make them public, although it has the authority to do so under the legislation.

• Last year, Canadian General Electric (CIG) and General Steel Works (GSIW) announced the merger of their appliance divisions to form a new company, the Canadian Appliance Manufacturing Co. (CAMECO). In turn, CAMECO took over the appliance division of Westinghouse Canada Ltd. Such a massive transaction, involving both Canadian and American firms, would automatically be screened by FIRA in normal circumstances. But Chrétien, the minister responsible, was under enormous pressure from CIG and GSIW to let the three-way merger stand without FIRA's scrutiny. He conceded and agreed that CIG and GSIW had promised 400 new jobs and investment totaling \$50 million if the merger were allowed to stand. But, because the governments failed to follow the normal procedure under the Foreign Investment Review Act, their promises have no force in law.

These are just four cases that have come to Maclean's attention. There is every reason to believe there are many other similar



A couple of the companies that are screened through FIRA and Chrétien



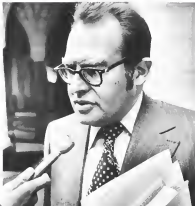
cases and agency morale is plummeting in the face of the government's apparent decision not to take the act seriously. In more than three years of operation, FIRA has never taken anyone to court. The reason, says Bill Wood, FIRA's director of compliance, is that "we'd make regular cases of ourselves if we ended up in court every time somebody wanted us to."

The real reason, at least recently, is more likely the indifference, or even hostility, of Clinton toward the Foreign Investment Review Act. He is not inclined to deploping economic nationalism and says he is more interested in providing jobs. He told a Chicago audience that "a continuing inflow of direct investment from abroad is an essential condition of continuing economic progress" in Canada. To ensure that foreign investors are not discouraged by FIRA, Clinton has speeded up the screening process considerably, especially for transactions below two million dollars. He has also approved more than 80% of the foreign investment proposals to come before him since he became the responsible minister last September 14 (See box). FIRA, he says, "is not intended to block such investments or to discourage them."

Even Merle Gray, the former minister and current incumbent MP who was the chief architect of FIRA. "This is not exactly what the act says. The wording clearly states that parliament believed that the level of foreign investment was at so high a level that the matter was one of national concern and, therefore, this level of investment should not be allowed to go higher unless it was proven to be of significant benefit to Canada." Even in times of economic decline, and Gray there is no argument for loosening up the application of the act. "It is not that concerns over the economy does not stampede provincial or federal authorities into accepting foreign investment projects on terms that Canadians generally would later regret as not being in the best long-term interests of the country and the region most directly concerned."

The debate between Clinton and Gray is ideological. But there are other non-ideological concerns that might explain the government's reluctance to enforce the act in the face of possible violations. In the US and Indiana cases, the government might lose at court on a technicality because FIRA did not, as required by the act, prepare a summary of each case for cabinet before the decision was made to turn down the two take-over bids. George Asch, federal assistant deputy attorney-general, has advised FIRA that this oversight would probably be fatal in any court case. Howarth brushes aside the appearance of the matter as a summary of law being prepared for cabinet in all such cases.

In the Indiana case prosecution might also fail in court on the grounds of a possible loophole in the act. The legislation was intended to cover cases where control



Gray: Just in case FIRA does get tough, there is a contingency plan

of a Canadian company, such as Canadian Via-Rhyla, already foreign owned, transfers to another foreign company through the sale of the parent firm. But justice department officials have questioned whether the act does, in fact, apply to such cases. Howarth, who is not a lawyer, expresses no concern about the applicability of the act in these cases but it has, of course, never been tested in court.

In the Merle and Spencer case, the new conditions set down by FIRA may have no legal standing whatsoever because they were not approved by cabinet but by Clinton alone. Explained a Clinton spokesman, "The reason goes to cabinet as late as he has to." Howarth points out that nothing in the Foreign Investment Review Act requires the minister to take a new set of conditions to cabinet for approval. But legal experts point out that there is also nothing in the act that stipulates the minister may approve a new agreement without a reference to cabinet. Howarth expresses confidence the government would stand up at court, however. He says Clinton has the authority to approve such a document and companies it is his own authority to approve the explicit accounts of FIRA infirm.

Finally Clinton's legal authority to waive the normal rules contrary to the Canada Charter is in doubt. Usually, such

action taken only in response to a formal request from the affected companies for a judgment. The minister is thus empowered to respond in writing that the transaction in question is exempt from FIRA scrutiny. No such letter was written in the Canada case. Clinton argued that it was unnecessary. But Gray says Clinton is totally wrong in this case and accuses him of a "dereliction of duty." Furthermore, says Gray, "he has provided an opportunity for businessmen generally to do an end run around FIRA."

The attitude of the government toward FIRA has not gone unnoticed by foreign investors and commentators. Bennett, a right-wing business publication in the United States which once savagely attacked FIRA (a "barbaric iron curtain"), has changed its view. Now, it says "The only U.S. business which wouldn't be cordially welcomed to Canada is Mander, Inc." *The Economist*, the influential British weekly, added in its own comments last month "The Foreign Investment Review Act is now being used so loosely that it is not even a distant goal, let alone a dyke, to foreign investment." Howarth seems unperturbed by such put-downs of FIRA. Indeed he boasted before the House of Commons last week that this year, "We have a good number of letters from people who have been applicants, and whose cases have been decided, who have expressed some surprise and delight at the way they have been dealt with."

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The cottage country

Dun Roamin, Canada? Dew Drop Inn and Bide-A-Wee By Hartley Steward

On the Victoria Day weekend is predictable as springtime floods and black flies in June, the great Canadian urban exodus began. By 4 p.m. Friday, as if driven by some primal urge, thousands of Canadians had booked themselves, their families and their summer-time playthings into automobiles. An hour later, the major exit highways from the country's large cities were jammed, while traffic helicopters hovered above, bearing down the obvious scene.

Canada was on its way to the cottage.

In a land where winter hangs in as relentlessly as a dyspnea at a teen-age dance, the coming of summer seems to bring on a kind of seasonal madness. Life-paddy children finally let loose after the long school year, Canadians are ready to play. Parks and recreation areas suddenly overflow and camp grounds sprout tents like a virus. Canadians picnic with a passion and sunbake as if the rays will cure all their winter ills. We have learned to count every last minute of enjoyment from our short but spectacular summers.

And nowhere have we brought the sense of summering to such ritualistic heights as at the summer cottage. Almost a million Canadians own some kind of shelter outside urban areas, which probably means, with participation of family and friends, that more than half the country's population has some cottage experience.

No other country has defined cottage life the way Canada has. The British love their week by the seaside, but they settle in at grand houses and tourist camps. In most European countries, the private holding of



waterfront land is almost unheard of, and even in the United States the summer retreat is still mostly the preserve of the rich. If there is one city area that is popular to Canadians, life at the cottage is it.

It is Canada with its hair down. One of the more staid and proper peoples of the world gang, barefoot, in Bermuda shorts and worn T-shirts, digging for worms and waging charcoal dust off their hands. It is battered-down: Canada cracking open a cold beer before noon, eager to shake off the weight of a winter of responsibility.

Cottage country presents Canadians at their best pretensions. It is where the staid types are called Dew Drop Inn and Cozy Cornerstead of Le Provincial, and the warriors are young, tanned university kids who often advise about the weather.

Complete cottagers (left) and complete cottage country—the Gatineau—(below): Oh wilderness were paradise even!





and driving conditions along with the burgers and French fries. While the cottage bedrooms are wallpapered with Five Star Whiskey labels and the wall-mounted bottle openers have rusted on caps attached to catch the falling beer caps. Where nobody apologizes for using little hand-painted signs that say things like "The diff. boat age has come and he's too used to work and too poor to quit."

This is the land with the liquor stores boasting not parking lots but docks big enough to accommodate 30 boats, where the sporting goods stores hang life jackets in their windows instead of golf bags and the nightclubs come to visit at their backing only by canoe. And surely it is the only place in the world where the fishermen display inspired but dreadfully poetry advising you on what you can eat, what you cannot fish down the toilet.

"It is," says Glen Clifford, an Ontario lawyer and cottage country haberdashier, "the only place where the rubs have nothing on the govt. One can build a castle in Muskoka [Ontario's premier cottage area] and it wouldn't matter. Because what is important is the water and the air and trees and no one can take that from you."

Canada's most famous cottage, of course, is the Prime Minister's official summer place on Huron Lake. Late in the 19th century, during happier times, Prime Minister and the Tradesmen took spent in much of the summer there in possible when the House of Commons was not sitting. Margaret, like most Canadian women and mothers, took to the informality of cottage life and apparently delighted in the absence of maids and staff. Meals were simple—barbecued steaks, burgers and beer. A photo spread by Margaret on *Cherie* showed the family engaged in typical cottage activities—canoeing, vegetable shooting, some small white-water rapids and generally enjoying the view.

Leslie Pearson perpetuated the Harrington Lake notion with his habit of taking scenes of life there. He failed to claim this when John Diefenbaker had use of the cottage he would have, laden with expensive fishing gear, for his favorite fishing hole at 4 a.m. and return home later with nothing. Pearson, according to Pearson, would often smile down to the deck around him in the morning with a cold drink and a copy of *The New York Times* and return before breakfast, kind of down, of course, with a mess of big fish.

Currently, External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson keeps the severely people on their toes with visits to his island cottage in Phoenix Bay off the coast of Newfoundland. The cottage is a white clapboard affair of modest proportions where Jamieson claims to hold no end and sea coast. The locals from the bay often drop in to share a big catch and occasional

Ontario's Matt Burton (top) and Georgian Bay summer place, the Belfry. In every fish-eat-Jamieson, the guests are high.

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mileage figures are estimate uses are made. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do. Your car's condition and your car's condition are. Many of the roads and crannies available equipment where moisture could accumulate have been eliminated.



More headroom, more rear seat legroom. Just two of the ways the efficiency of the New Chevrolet works in your behalf.

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More anti-corrosion coatings have been used. Aluminum and bimetal moldings will continue to be used wherever automatic transmission and standard radical rear axle.

Remember this: The rear wheel mileage figures are estimate uses are made. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do. Your car's condition and your car's condition are. Many of the roads and crannies available equipment where moisture could accumulate have been eliminated.



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*No comparison made to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet.

Jamieson joins the fishermen on the beach for a lobster cookout.

Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan has a small profile cottage on Cedar Lake in Ontario where he occasionally resides. So, anyone else is about to be can slippy dip. Justice Minister Ron Martin is fond of returning to a cottage property deep in the British Columbia rain forest where he lives in an old studio, functioning but often businesslike in its own way.

But cottages, according to Gordon McWhirter, president of the Federation of Ontario Cottagers' Associations, are not limited to the rich or famous in Ontario. "They pretty well range from random log cabins to expensive homes," he says. "It's not a matter of being rich or poor. If you don't think that's the way you want to spend your vacation money, you can own something."

The problem now is finding something to own. Even in Canada's coastal enclaves—British Columbia and the Maritimes, where much of the population is linked permanently in cottage-type areas—choice waterfront property is grabbed off as fast as it becomes available. In Alberta, where good cottage land is scarce, the fierce demand has pushed up prices to dizzy heights. Some half-acre lots sell for as much as \$15,000.

Even Muskoka, with 100,000 lakes and miles of sandy beach along the shores of Lake Winipeg, cannot stay ahead of the demand. Winipeg newspapers rarely list cottages for sale and the 10,000 government-owned properties are long gone. In Quebec, where Montrealers would be horrified while the Port Quebecois victory drives their boats down over, further cottage prices have risen steadily. Stan Lewis, general supervisor of real estate for Royal LePage, says average prices in the Laurentians and the Eastern Townships are between \$35,000 and \$40,000 and can go as high as \$250,000.

In Ontario, with its 250,000 lakes, fishermen have been buying up cottage property and their sites went on fire. In 1948, there were fewer than 34,000 cottage places in use in the province. By 1971, that figure had grown to almost 300,000 and today there are more than 500,000 registered recreational properties—including ski chalets and hobby farms—making Ontario the leading cottage area in the world. The province has more weekend homes than any state in the United States and an average 10,000 cottages are added each year. Lakefront property is in such demand that its price has risen to have increased 500% in the last decade.

In Kenora, a town near the Manitoba border surrounded by more water than the Azores Marine, an Ontario government questionnaire showed that 82% of the town's population wanted to own a waterfront cottage. The Ontario land use department is frantically studying dozens of lakes in an effort to open new territory and stay ahead of the increasing demand.

But the real crunch, says Frank MacIntyre, head of one of the country's oldest real estate firms dealing in cottages, is still to come. He says children born in the Canadian baby boom are just coming to cottage buying age (the thirties). "Ten years from now," he warns, "you'll have to go twice as far and pay twice as much."

Under present conditions Canadian cottagers are willing to drive up to three and-a-half hours to reach their weekend homes. Beyond that range (from major centers) cottage prices drop dramatically.

Cottage life can be addictive. Having purchased the Mackinac Island area of cottages that he childhood at the cottage, when the biggest problem was deciding whether to swim, fish or lace around the beach it is a rare Canadian who does not

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years in love life for a place on a lake. McWhaney says his passion for cottage life comes from the 15 summers he spent at his parents' cottage just outside Peterborough, Ontario.

"In my early teens," McWhaney says, "when I became aware of the social pressures of growing up in the city, when I got fed up with it, I would just think of that lake, with all its trees. And I would think of my friends there waiting. When I wasn't at the cottage, I thought of the cottage."

Now McWhaney and his wife, Sandra, have their own place on the same lake and he is happily "I would give up my apartment in Toronto, one of the current ones of my stock investments before I would give up the cottage. In the city you exist, in the country you live."

It's not that McWhaney's life at the cottage is all that exciting. Indeed, life at the cottage for most Canadians is purposely kept low-key and casual. McWhaney expresses his passion for lake life in terms that are repeated by cottagers everywhere: "There is a sense of community," he says. "The lakes have been there and will be there as long as the lake. But my neighbor repair his dock, he helps me fix my pump. In the city, I don't even know my neighbor."

"It's almost an old-fashioned thing," says lawyer John Reid who has been cottaging on Go Home Lake near Georgian Bay since 1955. "It's good to be old-faithful."

convenient. The lake is my social life. It's the only place for my family. Here I see my three daughters and my 10 grandchildren."

Reid and his wife, Adele, will retire to the cottage some day as did thousands of Canadian cottagers the property will see in the future. Many cottages are established cottage country towns and in the main, families for five and six generations. Indeed, within 125 miles of major Canadian cities, few properties find their way into the real estate listings. When there are no children, most owners need not go outside a small group of friends who have shared the cottage experience to find a buyer.

Don and Gladys Fish have cottaged at Mill Bay, 36 miles north of Victoria, for the last 30 years. Fish likes to talk about the early days when he fished water in buckets from the neighboring Indian reserve and made it light by oil lamp. The Fish cottage is isolated now and boasts all the modern conveniences. He speaks with pride of his 30 years of work, making a dream come true, and says, "It will never be sold." His two sons will carry on life at the cottage.

If Canadians of every description seem to yearn for life at a lake, one question remains why. Cottage life is a thing of two. Does the construction involve more

often than not around septic tanks, feeling foundations, mowing, noise, blood-sucking black flies and enough mosquitoes, moths and mice to discourage even the most stalwarted of parents.

With hardly any prompting, you can hear

• About the young couple in the three Penzance who, after 10 years, signed the deed and papers, picked a picnic table and took friends to view their new "place in the country." When they arrived, only the cedar hedge that had once surrounded the small cottage remained. The building itself had been swept away by spring floods and deposited two miles away, somewhat the worse for wear.

• About Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lafrance who arrived four years ago at their Quebec cottage to find a mansion had blown away the roof. Flooding the building with millions of water and causing extensive damage. That year, the roof was also washed out. Last year, rodents ate the straw on the Lafrance's boat and discovered a poorly portioned of the boat was well.

• About cottagers at Vancouver Island's Gordon Beach who must be prepared to evacuate at a moment's notice when search officers give the warning that not even as on the way.

• About Minister Carter special assistant to Prime Minister Donald Mackenzie, whose cottage, 20 miles outside Ottawa,



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has been vandaled and broken into and who claims the area is so built up now the only wild life he ever sees are the dead mice he must clean out each spring when he opens it. Furthermore, says Gutter, the black flies in June are so bad it is impossible to sit outdoors.

• About Irving Kinshtel, who wrote to find a mouse tramping his lawn and flower beds in the Keweenaw Township, and about Mrs. Barbara Lofgren, not far down the shore, who found that a mouse had made a home in her apple pie.

• And about the areas in Ontario where taxes have risen from \$30 a year to \$1,500 a year over the past 10 years with no noticeable increase in services.

The list of complaints is endless. This year, as in years past, onto cottagers will be telling their successors (almost every lake has one) that they are tired of being treated like second-class citizens and they will not stand for it. Cottage neophytes, of which there are thousands, will deplore remedies for perishing water and getting rid of pest caterpillars and cottagers will sigh persons by the score demanding an end to noisy toms. Selling ground their hatches, sipping pins and tons, thousands of Canadians will complain about the unavailability of floating docks, the high price of life jackets and the weather. All the lake



Sociability sprang and anthrax (there's) trading the red race for the black flies



things that somehow make cottaging an essential part of their lives.

On tiny Lake Kooking, just outside the little Ontario town of Huron, the evening is drawing to a close. The guests from across the lake, Wayne Gutter and his wife, Andy, Keith and Roseanne Stein and their second oldest boy Steve, are helping to fold the unwashed lawn chairs and take the glasses and bottles inside. The evening has been mild, the drinks cold, and the conversation (about septic tanks, water pumps and the formidable cost of life jackets) has been relaxed and unimportant. The moon is full, the stars bright, the lake still. The swimming has been fine.

The guests have gathered up their belongings—wet towels, tow bags, a piece of wood discovered to be just the right size for repairing the Steve dock, and a borrowed chipping wedge. They clamber onto the Steins' old red-and-white boat and young Steve leaps in last after pushing them off. They shout their thanks and good-byes and promises for tomorrow across the water and the sail and grace lights disappear into the darkness.

We stand on the dock for a few minutes, sharing a cigarette. Then my wife says the mosquitoes are bothering her, so we go inside. ☺

Some of the photographs in this article were taken by Dudley Whitten for the book *Adventures in Place*, as published by McClelland and Stewart.

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Unseen forces

Introducing the boys in Toller Cranston's back room

By Ron Base

Opening night on Broadway, an event whose glamour, this evening, is marred by a weaving black man with a toothless grin, standing before the Palace Theatre on 47th and Broadway, screaming a stack of yellow cards against the palm of his head, yelling at a loud, whiskey voice: "Check 'er out, now. Check it out!" He tries to shove the cards into the hands of passersby. The cards advertise the beauties of Broadway these days, which is not chance, but not "No top-off" Luxury For Less: \$10 complete in salacious, beautiful girls. No other charges. "The freshest girls in front of the Palace girls upon the black man. They are strikers here, camped along the edge of the street that is Broadway, desperately searching for some sign of opening night panache.

There's Julia Meade, the girl who used to do the commercials on the Bill Sullivan Show. Julia Meade? No big star to be sure, but better than the reality of the Times Square hawk.

Andy Warhol, his pale face resembling the skull on an stillborn's cap, seen by the black man. In the man's eyes, the producer of the new show, a man named Dennis Basso, resembles the phrygian heads as if trying to draw water and exorcise people in huge, affectionate bear hugs. His eyes are finally bright. His smile looks as if it had been drawn steadily on his face by some kid with a crayon. Beside him, and a couple of steps in the rear, stands Basso's partner and co-producer Robin Cassinelli. His life is more ordinary, but his eyes also seem with a word-antenna. He is younger, a thin Henry Fonda with a grin like a knife blade.

In the gold and red gleam of the 1,800-seat theatre, Julia Newman, a long and dark actress who once had a fling with Howard Hughes and who now orbits a line of party boys, turns again her face to a Texas lawyer. She waves out at the stage. Works up and looks again. Then the results for a pair of open-jawed. There, protruding out from the gold leaf of the Palace's proscenium arch is . . . Joe. A sheet of it measuring 48 by 36 feet, done in powdery blue. The stage where Bob Hope and the cream of vaudeville once performed, where Judy Garland sang, and where Liberace flailed opulent in Applause, is now a glorified ice rink.

Below, in the grey-brick bowels of the theatre where legend has it a ghost still haunts, the star of the new show, Toller Cranston, sits at a brushed-steel console, swivel on his chocolate brown dressing room. He leans forward, carefully facing

his black Kaatcha slates. His face, in usual, brings no emotion, although in a few moments he will be onstage with 15 other skaters introducing Toller Cranston's *The Ice Show*. If the night works out for him the way he fervently wants it to, he will soon be Broadway's newest star. He will have lifted ice skating out of the community centres, away from the funny antics and lousy cheer girls of the Ice Capades and the Ice Follies he despises. The night before, during a preview performance, he had been nervous on the ice, seemingly afraid of its narrow perimeters. Afterward, Toller's supporters were cheering, "bad dance, [Toller's] good show," later man roaring that. Mary to word off evil.

Broadway cynics were doubtful of the show. It was the wrong time of the year, they said. The producers were asking a ticket price of \$15 up \$18.50 on what could be in ice show to not leave anything above, which offered no orchestras (the music had been taped by a 34-piece orchestra in London), and a star who evaded skating circles was unknown to a New York audience.

There were other problems that cynics and supporters alike knew nothing about. The story of Toller Cranston's arrival at this moment, with the booklet outside handing out promises of a dirty tale and a first night audience inside wondering if *The Ice Show* would ever succeed, some of deception, intrigue, sexual innuendo, breathlessness, and plot lines his Teller's were lost. Friendships were broken, harsh accusations were heaped back and forth, even sabotage was suspected. The cast of characters included a producer who had never before been involved in a Broadway show, yet cheerfully threw nearly one million dollars into that one, disgruntled backers who resented being left out of the planning, a mysterious manager who assumed a strange power over the show's star.

And the most intriguing character of all, Toller Cranston (born Kirkland Lake Ontario, who fell in love with skating at age seven and grew up knowing skidding he would be a star. He is a cousin of Toller's, at 28 an enigmatic personality who suggests great character strengths, but also a vulnerability. One felt sorry for him, the suspicion taking root that everyone, no matter how good his intentions, was trying to manipulate him in some way. In his dressing room, Toller flinches with his skates. Upstairs the other performers are swirled on the ice. He sits in the strains



of Toller's there, written specifically for him by Academy Award winner Al Kufeld and Joel Hershman. It is time to go onstage.

The first advertisement announcing Toller Cranston's impending Broadway debut appeared on a full page of the *New York Times*, 21 days before the show opened. The headline read: "An Apology to the People of New York—

Only 40,000 of you can see Toller Cranston's *The Ice Show*. Sorry." No apology was necessary since the ad was not true anyway. If *The Ice Show* was a hit, it would run so long an audience wanted to see it. If the show flopped, it would close immediately. In the meantime, there was no harm in trying to hype the best effort by giving it some of the only a limited number of people could see it. The play was some-

what successful. In the days following the debut, the show's popularity almost immediately peaked. The first salvo in the campaign to promote Toller Cranston to New Yorkers had been fired.

The next week Dennis Basso hurried up to Toronto to open phase two of the campaign, which was a Canada tour of the show planned for next winter. At a press conference he accused the Ice Capades of trying to stop Toller from leaving. He accused Ice Capades and Ice Follies of operating a virtual monopoly. Ice Capades demanded agreement from arena management no other ice show play 90 days before or after the Capades. "Toller," he said with great solemnity, "believes totally in the freedom of ice." Phase "And right now"—he sighed heavily—"there is no freedom."

In the following weeks, Basso was seemingly able to uncover all sorts of wild plots against his show. Attempts were made to lace away his staff and performers. Eighty thousand posters disappeared, and there that went up in the Broadway area were seen down. Someone, he said darkly, was seeking completion of the ice surface. He solved the problem by issuing a few warnings to the Sicilian workers in their own tongue. Introduces them to get into the theatre, forcing him to hire several guards. Finally, Basso's parents appeared to bear fruit when Macmillan, the entertainment conglomerate that owns the Ice Capades, citing a conflict of interest, cancelled a radio and television advertising campaign for *The Ice Show* on its New York outlets. Throughout, it was difficult to tell whether Basso was agitating over these obstacles or enjoying every one of them. He was either a shrewd entrepreneur or a promoter who concocted wild schemes such as organizing a writers' campaign among Canadian figure skaters to smear Prince Minister Pierre Trudeau in the opening.

In the end, he was a man who thought ice was something you add to Choco-Kid. The mystery was how he got involved with the show at the first place.

In 1976, Toller Cranston moved from 20 years of amateur competition with three world free skating championships, an unprecedented six consecutive years in Canadian men's championships, and a third place bronze medal at the 1976 winter Olympics at Innsbruck. He celebrated his moment by throwing his skates into a canal in Sweden. "It sounds dramatic," Toller says, "but actually it was done as a ironic gesture." He thought seriously of doing it himself. He came to skating. But then a group of backers was brought together to form a company called Theatre On Ice, and Toller created his own touring ice show.

For his purpose, the head offices of Theatre On Ice were located in Holland, although much of its financing was raised by a Toronto lawyer, Art of Smith. Cran-

Granston of the Palace takes on Broadway

his own half the company. He gets a salary of about \$150,000 a year, a home in Bermuda, and a New York apartment across the street from Carnegie Hall. There on ice extended the promotion and booking of Cranston's ice show to Harok. Cranston has Harok more at home booking bulletins than ice shows and, to make matters worse, the founder, Ed Harok, had left his company in desperate financial straits, when he died in 1974. After a confused Canadian tour, Cranston was left up with Harok. "They treated in like animals and forced up like I couldn't tell you" that the company remained

and contractually to the ice show. "Someone came up with the idea of Broadway," Cranston says. "For a minimum amount of publicity, you can put a show into a theatre and possibly have a hit." Harok tried to do it on a shoestring. For example, a total budget of \$15,000 was allocated for advertising. Yet a full page ad in *The New York Times* alone cost \$16,000. But that it mattered much because, in January, two weeks before the show was to open at the Uris Theatre, Harok representatives announced to the cast they had not "received financial commitments," and closed the show.

"I was ready to place a pistol in my hand," Cranston remembers. "It was so degrading, I can't tell you. If I had the funds, I'd have been on my way to Tahiti, pants broken in hand, ready to poison myself to death." Instead, the next morning he boarded a plane for Los Angeles. Later, he had become friendly with his cousin, a 28-year-old, California, named Robin Cranston. The son of Senator Alan Cranston, Robin helped develop the *McClure* television series. Now he was involved in business dealings with a shopping centre developer. And Robin wanted Teller to meet him.

One morning Robin showed up at the Beverly Hills Hotel with a Rolls-Royce that once belonged to King Hussein and whisked Teller off to Bel Air where they descended through vine groves and down a drive that swept past an uncanny replica of the White House. Robin, then, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, took, with unkempt hair spilling over his head, brandies from the house to meet them. He was the son of a famous Algerian that makes into a beguiling to grow up to be rich. But was raised in New York's tough Bedford-Stuyvesant, and led his own street gang. He started out with \$80 which he used to purchase a real estate in his father's house in Los Angeles at the age of 21. Two years later, he owned a real estate brokerage house with which he launched the Ross Financial Corporation, a multi-faceted company that today is worth \$250 million. In his mid-20s he was deeply involved in Democratic politics.

"I thought he was the milk," Teller says. "I had no idea who he was. I was convinced he was Mike." Ross, pound champagne. Teller sipped a couple of glasses then, because he hadn't eaten all day, passed out on the floor that not before Ross had agreed to book him as show.

Debra Ross quickly alienated Arthur Sanz, the Toronto lawyer and his wife. They felt they had struck with *The Ice Show* through the bad times and were now being left out in the cold by Ross's high-powered scheming. They declared his having enemies of Harok, a company they considered honest, albeit misguided and under-financed. And they directed his so-called efforts to make headlines. And they resented Ross's implication that he owned *The Ice Show*. "Mike, Oh, he owned it. Ross had secretly taken over the booking and promotion from Harok."

On a summer level, the spreading of sexual rumors became almost a business tactic. Teller's manager was a mysterious, one-eyed woman named Mrs. Uglybody. She had left her family in Vancouver to enter Teller's life and exercise a Reginald-like control over him. For her he shaved his hair and constantly wore Mink, just as she did.

The sexual name-calling that surrounded Teller during the misadventure put up a undeniable. Like Mike Jagger

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Own a bottle.

or Rudolph Valentino part of Csatari's fascination lies in the question of his sexuality. He tends to blur sexual boundary lines. When all has been said about his skating style—the wildly exaggerated and expressive movements verging on high camp—he is a man unafraid to appear feminine. Philosophically, the ice world has had a more aversion to men who were anything less than masculine in their skating style. The *Ice Follies*, the original ice show founded in 1936 by a couple of skaters named Skopstad and Johnson after they got tired of touring circuses, was very straight. The *Ice Capades* which followed had strict rules against gay skaters in its ranks. But Sonja Henie, a marvelous show woman, welcomed gay skaters and loved their flamboyant style.

It was Toller Chatterton who finally broke the constraints on men's figure skating. He performed spirals, and ran around on the tips of his skates, employing movements that previously had been done only by women. His performances drew in droves and shocked competitors' judges, which is probably why he never placed better than third in Olympic competition. "Toller is the single most powerful force in skating," says Gordie McKellen Jr., a New York skater who has often competed against Csatari. "Everywhere you go he is the one audience has got to see."

Toller is aware of the debates about his sexuality. "The higher you climb, the more kable people are to take pot shots at you. But I can live with it because it's all so unfounded. People can say anything about you—that you're a sissy or you're into beer and whips—and you have to realize these allegations are made because you're in the public eye."

Would he like to marry? "Yes, I would. And eventually have children. No, I thought the time for that would come after I retired from competition, but now I'm more of a slave to work than ever before."

He rehearsed seven hours each night, closely watched by his long-time coach and confidante, Ellen Burke. An opening night approached it became apparent that his style and charisma had to carry the show. The other skaters, with the exception of McKellen whose flashy athletic routines brought an audience to its feet, lacked pizzazz. They were, for the most part, non-patient skaters who could not understand the demands of the Broadway stage. It was a problem that worried the show's choreographer, Brian Foley, and the director, Myrl Schwebman.

In the upstairs bar at Sardi's a week before the show opened, Schwebman said "The success or failure we have in making these skaters into performers may decide whether this show hits or misses." He stopped and stared into his drink momentarily. "The show is going to be a hit," he said finally.

Sitting beside him, Dennis Ross shrugged. "Even if it isn't," he said, "we gotta know we tried."

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Two hours after he had finished lighting his skates, Toller Cranston took the stage of the Palace Theatre. Behind him, 1,500 people were on their feet shouting and cheering the way Broadway audiences are supposed to shout and cheer on opening night. The curtain call went wildly ecstatic, but it was hard to gauge the fact that this was an audience loaded with friends, relatives, invited guests. When Toller first appeared, outlined in a black jump suit emerging from a wood and metal replica of the sun, everyone reacted as if he were some debt-faced Messiah.

But, at the end, the cynics were well-justified. Was this cockeyed blend of ballet and Broadway dance, brimming with classic excesses of *Thru the Spider's Web* and the jumpy live theme from *Nicholas and Alexandra*, a left or was it a pander to oddity full of Brit-ized but ludicrous kinks, doomed to close early amid the racketing of an arrogant Broadway audience?

Such questions are answered only by the dance critic. At the U.S. State House around the corner from the theatre, a plain crowd awaited the reviews. At 11:30 p.m., the first copies of *The New York Times* arrived. Cyril Richman, the actor who played Captain Black to Mary Martin's Peter Pan, was asked to read the review. He is a strong dance critic named Anna Karsavoff. Richman stood, straightened his ill-fitting jacket, cleared his throat and, in the kind of resonant voice only 40 years of opening to back rows can provide an actor, began to read.

"He has the bold-faced appeal of a successful rock star and the virtuosity of a great dancer. He is Toller Cranston and to say he is not closer is not the half of it." Richman was interrupted by the noise of the crowd, more a howl of relief than a cheer. He continued: "At Toller Cranston's *The Ice Show* which opened last night at the Palace Theatre, the former Canadian men's and world's free skating champion and 1976 Olympic bronze medalist is every bit as exciting a performer as he is a virtuoso."

At that, Denise Russ threw back her head and laughed. A few feet away, Toller Cranston allowed a smile to interrupt the carefully arranged boredom of his line. The Times review was a nice, if limited by simply saying, "Go see him." On Broadway, you can practically cash reviews like that in at the box office. For the moment, Toller Cranston had amazed his audience—he was a star on Broadway.

The following day, however, there were no banners in front of the box office, the usual signal that the thronging public has picked up on glowing reviews. But one familiar face showed up. The black banker, slapping the yellow cards against his palms. This time his presence was more relevant. He seemed to be signalling for Toller Cranston's failure on Broadway. "Check out," he said. "You checked out now." ☐

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L'homme funny

For future reference, it's 'ee-von day-shom'

By Graham Fraser

The thin grey-haired man with the hawk nose and the prickly grin was being called into from one interview to another, from Toronto radio station to Toronto TV station, as part of a promotion for his latest record—and they didn't know how to pronounce his name. Or what he does. Unluckily public, Yvon Deschamps corrected the interviewers when seconds before an interview they made vain, interlocking attempts to get it right. "Yvon Deschamps," he would say while they asked, pronouncing it as lightly and quickly, "ee-von day-shom." In Quebec, he cannot walk a block without being recognized and greeted. His 10 albums have sold 350,000 copies. His last show at the Place des Arts sold out for 15 weeks. His audience is near-total and cuts across all lines in Quebec, from the long-haired youngsters in jeans on Rue St. Denis to the suburbanites in double-knit leisure suits, to the rural villagers filling a local high school auditorium to hear him.

"Son public, c'est tout le Québec"—his audience is all of Quebec—says Gilles Desrochers, himself a singer who has worked with Deschamps. Quebec critics have called him "our national comic" and a "comedian-moralist" praised him for "encouraging our very Québécois flavor by putting their under our noses...when he doesn't throw them on our faces." And he described him as "speaking the language of our homeland."

Gilles Vigoreux, a friend and great admirer, calls him "a great comic who succeeds making us laugh a second after we have wept...and then makes us regret having laughed." John Williams, the producer of his English album, calls him, accurately, "a monster star." And in Toronto, although his appearances on Peter Goulet's 90 Minutes Live are televised, with Don Murray in April have changed "Yvon who?" to a vague awareness, an "oh, yeah, him," there is still great uncertainty about how to pronounce his name.

It is only one of the paradoxes in the life of the fascinating, complex, and contradictory man who likes to remark that nine years ago he stumbled by accident into a career of standing in front of a microphone and telling stories. And now, equally by accident, he has just launched his first album in English.

The publicity tour is a triumph of charm. Moving freely from one interview to the next, Deschamps is friendly, articulate, witty, self-deprecating. There is no word in English that easily explains what Yvon Deschamps does. In Quebec he is called a *moralisateur*: someone who does moral-



Deschamps delights the whole world with a clown—especially Pagnello

logues. He puts together a two-hour show of monologues, music and a few songs—his records are selections from the shows, some with simply one 20-minute monologue on one side and another on the reverse. He has occasionally been compared to Lucien Brou (a man he admires, but refuses to sanctify). "He has five or six pieces which are exceptional—the rest are worthless." Like George Carlin and Bill Cosby, he has done very funny material about his childhood—like Mel Brooks' 1980-year-old man, he plays American games with history and religion—like Woody Allen, he is obsessed with death. His characters talk of death and happiness.

But while comparable to an anticist ray of them, he is unique. His games in Vigoreux's register, as in gratingly violence to

Laugh at what it doesn't want to laugh at and in face what it doesn't want to face. Its energy, its music, its violence, its dishonesty, its wit, its frustration with TV violence. Strong stuff. A lot of big make. Not a light, easy laugh out with a few giggles, a few songs, a few laughs.

In translation—even with Deschamps himself as translator—at least one level of humor is lost: the dimension of the language itself. Deschamps uses Montreal slang as a hilarious tool for puns and causticities. If he succeeds in English, it will be on large part, because of this enormous number of personal charm, a magnetism that gives him the head of sarge of liberation and affection and respect that René Lévesque has even from people who disagree with him totally.

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the night modern. The whitewash treat of Toronto, and the English dinner it was supposed to promote, had no city on it in a series of coincidences.

"I never said, 'One day, I'm going to translate my monologues and do them in English.' I don't think like that. It was Peter Gzowski, when I got to know because of his radio show, who was having a tryout for his left-show [last summer in Vancouver]. He phoned me and said, 'Well, you're absolutely unknown in Canada.' And if you check all the numbers, you'll see I'm the number one star in Canada at the box-office—no one can attract as many people as I can, and I've never left Quebec."

"Is that truth? The biggest in Canada in terms of box office?" he was asked.

Over to slightly, he beamed. "Well, in terms of box office, do you know anyone who can do the O'Keefe Centre for 13 weeks and be sold out? I don't know any Canadians who could do that. I don't know many Canadians who can do 100 one-man shows in a year, and fill halls with 1,500 to 2,000 people. And it's 10 years now. So it makes for quite a few people."

The 30 Minutes Live people were awarded—"It was an extraordinary piece of schizophrenia," recalls Gzowski. He went back twice more, and did two more monologues. Another old friend, John Williams, who was starting a record company asked him to record the four monologues. The result, an English album "Vive Deschamps en Anglais." It said, he mused, just a series of accidents.

Deschamps was born July 31, 1935, in Montreal. His father was a patent designer. Shortly after he was born, the family moved to Saint-Henri, where Deschamps lived until he was 20. Saint-Henri is a poor neighborhood—not exactly a slum, but a rough polyglot community of small factories and shops, French Canadians, Irish and blacks. "I've worked as a delivery boy and a wrapper.

As a potential engineer, Ardie Deschamps was, in effect, an industrial artist: gifted and imaginative, but, one of the kind of father for security that his son refuses to accept and vicariously identifies as his mentors, worked for 25 years for a small French-Canadian company, exploited and underpaid.

At 16, Deschamps dropped out of school, and was hired as a messenger at the Radio-Canada record library. At Radio-Canada, he discovered the theatre and started acting. At 22, he left Radio-Canada to become an actor—to the horror of his family.

"My mother thought it was madness," he recalls. "I was working in a children's theatre that played in the parks, and when she came to see me I was dressed up in a clown. She was appalled. 'You left such a good job to play the fool in front of children.' And my father didn't understand it. He kept saying, 'But there are no actors in the family.' As if that meant it was impossible for me to be one." As Deschamps of ten points out to English-Canadian interviewers, his career is quite similar in pattern to Don Henson's. Henson playing Shakespeare, Deschamps playing Kozlov, both started as classical actors, and in their forties ended up doing their own material and making people laugh.

Along the way, a restaurant venture played an important role. In 1965, a friend of Deschamps bought a place in Old Montreal and Deschamps fell in love with the area. "I saw a basement, and asked the owner how much it cost for it. It was \$300 a month so I rented it. My wife asked me what I was going to do with a basement in Old Montreal. I had to tell her something." So, on a whim, he opened a restaurant. He later expanded, and with Clémence Deschamps operated Le Beric 3.

Being his. His job already, on his own number for MFW's *Adieu* *Adieu* series.

Climax. Four years later, the restaurant could not survive the post-Expo slump, and it went under—Deschamps had to declare bankruptcy. From its beginning in shame, through its operation to its conclusion, Deschamps can be hilarious about the adventure, talking about the night a customer lived a suit in his stew, and the confusion when, bankrupt, he was able to take the portable stock, and, while staying at a friend's because he had no money, sit like a king on roach lamb—but the failure hurt him deeply.

It was, however, in the words of post-politician Gerald Gidycz, "a happy bankruptcy for Quebec culture." Unemployment led him to produce a review with Robert Charbonnet and Louise Forestier. *L'Orphelin* (it put on "Théâtre"), the commission had a common Québécois overheard—translated roughly as a hellfire show.

Then again by accident, involved in his first monologue, "What good are snakes anyway?" in two clubs at La Ronde 3 Cinema, Deschamps—after an initial false start in which he played the boss—had played a worker, and different Christs had played the boss. Christs being economically fit and Deschamps thin, it was played as broad face. For L'Orphelin, Deschamps wrote another sketch using the same characters. However, in the last moment they proved to be too slow to rehearse, and Charbonnet persuaded Deschamps to rewrite the sketch as a monologue.

An unforgettable character was discovered. He was "in part gay"—a little gay, more, friendly, hardworking, and almost hilarious in his worship of his boss, the French-Canadian theory owner with the salmon-pink Plymouth and plywood smile on his face, who paid his workers \$42 a week (and with overtime, it got \$73) and an extra two dollars for mowing the lawn. The little guy's dying father had



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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES

Dissatisfaction guaranteed

What's wrong with the post office? What isn't?

By Mark Nichols

On July 19, a newspaper will be mailed from Odessa, Manitoba to Morris, 120 miles away. Simultaneously, a group of young citizens will all sit off on the same journey carrying a copy of the same newspaper. They will change buses every 20 miles until they get to Morris. Postmaster General Jean-Jacques Blais is backing the spread of his postal operation against the whims of the quarter horses. Around Odessa, they feel he hasn't got a chance.

High above the main floor of Toronto's South Central letter-sorting plant, Earl Webster, a veteran, 57-year-old with steel-grey hair, wears alone in a cool, softly lit control room surrounded by a formidable array of electronic hardware. Seated inside a U-shaped console, he stares intently at an enormous display screen and flickering, multicolored lights that blink softly along the screen's complicated grid. Suddenly, a multi-toning in front of his super-sensitive kit. Webster struts, enters a reply and punches out of the console's control panel. On the screen, there is a brief flurry among one cluster of lights and, with that, another bag of mail continues its journey through the compressed experience of south-central stamp.

Yet despite such things as Earl Webster's marvelous machine, the Post Office still finds ways of distressing people such as lone Goulbourn, Mrs. Goulbourn, a Montreal grandmother, sent a parcel nearly six weeks early to make sure it would arrive in time for her granddaughter's birthday. Its destination was Windsor, Ontario, 350 miles away. Not only did the package arrive late, it had been opened and the contents pilfered. Something, obviously, is wrong.

From his perch, Webster controls much of what passes within the recently opened South Central mail (for Major Postal Plant), billed by Post Office officials as the largest and most modern letter-sorting plant in the world. Stretching over some 14 acres, employing more than 3,000 workers and equipped with 17½ miles of conveyor belts, South Central has the capacity for handling five million pieces of mail a day with the aid of such devices as Japanese-built roller-drum conveyors that can, with considerable human assistance, sort and cancel 25,000 pieces of mail an hour, and optional character readers that automatically process certain types of mail, with almost no human help, at the rate of 30,000 letters an hour. South Central is one of those mechanical places built as a total



cost of \$140 million and one of 24 mechanical plants now on line across the country. It is all part of Ottawa's one-billion-dollar master plan launched in the early Seventies, to cut the Post Office's spiraling labor costs, which contributed to a \$671 million deficit last year, and to speed the mail on their way quickly, cleanly and efficiently. It is all administered in design and technologically impressive. But at Mrs. Goulbourn and thousands of others not so lucky, it is not working out as planned.

Perhaps never before has the long-suffering Canadian public been so angrily aware of the deficiencies in what was once a quickly reliable and inexpensive postal service. It is not just that the mail sorters slower and more erratic, than ever. Added to that anxiety is the almost constant threat that labor strife will halt the service altogether. Since 1980, the country has endured more than two dozen national or regional strikes, culminating in 1979's over 41-day stoppage. Now, the prospect looms that another strike—over the issue of automation—may begin soon for least this summer or in the fall. Leaders of the belated, 22,000-member Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) representing inside workers, not government officials in May for pay had an hour then broke off talks "The Post Office is hoarding like a capitalist ship without sail or rudder and something must be done," thundered CUPW president Joe Davidson.

Misused by renewed labor turmoil and aware that the costly mechanization program lies at the heart of many of the Post Office's problems, fed-up Canadians are complaining at an almost frenetic pace through postal delays, while hardly a day passes without newspaper reports in counting some new postal strategy, ranging from late and rearranged mail order mail that simply vanishes into the system never to be seen again. Some examples of recent mail-in is the mail.

•Duke's Central of this fax posted a check set to her name in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, last Christmas and the postal duly arrived empty. Both Central and her name listed on Post Office tractor forms in January. They have not heard a word since.

•Glen Thompson, a Fredericton, New Brunswick, banker, wrote to Saint John 40 miles away, for specifications so that he could bid on a government contract. The plant reached him two weeks later, by which time the contract had closed.

•The Laundry Organ Co. of Scarborough, Ont., finally received a \$15,000 payroll check in May, nearly six months after it had been mailed from the firm's U.S. parent company in Chicago. Postmarks on the "Air Mail-Special Delivery" letter indicated that it had been languishing in the Toronto post office system for 130 days.

•Wlad Huk, owner of a Toronto film that manufactures greeting cards, recalls

mailing a customer's order by airtel just only to have it come back scratched, in a plastic bag. "You could even see the tire marks where it struck had run over it," says Huk. "The Post Office refused to reimburse me."

•Cathy Catillo-Gudge of Winnipeg mailed a letter to her brother in Ayer, Scotland, last January. He received it three weeks later. Clearly stranded on the enroute was the story of his travels. Manitoba, Philippines. Postal officials offered no explanation.

•Chris and Viv Teller gave up a despair last Christmas and placed the following message in the Peace River, an "Revol/Godrive."—frustrated by the frustrated postal workers (the Tellers) have decided not to send any Christmas cards this season, but take this opportunity to wish all their many friends and relatives a very Merry Christmas. No letters or cash please—just phone."

Postal fail-ups still form a relatively small proportion of the huge volume of mail handled by the beleaguered Post Office, a total of one billion deliveries last year. Postal officials claim that Canada's mails are still rated the eighth cheapest in the Western world and that the Canadian Post Office is ranked third in efficiency, behind Belgium and Japan, by the International Postal Union. In a test mailing by *Nation's* during May, the Post Office performed reasonably well. Excluding week-

If you really want the mildest...



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling

40th and the Victoria Day holiday, 10-million registered letters postcards and parcels crisscrossed from Toronto to points across Canada safely reached their destinations in an average of 3.1 days. Replies mailed by the recipients back to Toronto were slower, making the trip in an average of 5.7 days. In air-mailing around Metro-polis, Toronto's most outgoing letters reached their destination in one day or even on the same day. Replies for some reason, were slower, averaging 2.4 days; one letter took five days to make its way across town and two others took four days.

That is not nearly good enough for the business community, which is seriously in favour of private courier services for fast or expensive delivery. Led by a half dozen nationwide major companies and with scores of local regional operators mopping along behind, the private courier is now delivering up to \$40 million a year in lost Post Office revenue. The figure is likely to keep on rising. In 1972 a firm called Trek Lady Courier Service set up shop in Winnipeg, with a handful of post-card ladies on pink cars to deliver mail around the city. Today the fleet of post-ladies has increased to 40.

Why can't the Post Office get on its feet together? There is no easy answer and no single villain. In part, the inevitable teething problems of mechanization have been to blame. When Toronto's South Central plant went into business this spring, local



Devotion: adversary places it necessary, but not necessarily an adversary story.

down in the sensitive machinery along with the meachover of workers to new jobs, plan had worked combined to pick up a backlog that for a time reached more than 3.5 million pieces of mail. In other cities the various of months associated with mechanization seem to be measurable. When Calgary's mechanized mail plant opened in 1974 it was proudly promoted as the country's largest and most modern. Yet after six weeks of operation, a survey showed that only 14% of the mail handled by the plant was going through on time or at all. Thirteen years later, Alex Clarke, president of the Calgary (1700 local) complaint that the plant was "grossly under-performing" in the first place and that the mechanized machinery is working at "meagre 28% efficiency. It certainly holds back the mail instead of speeding it up."

At a more basic level, the Post Office's problems are rooted in the hostile relations that have existed for years between the inside workers and Post Office management. Typically, when Postmaster General Jean-Jacques Blais went to Vancouver this spring to talk to disgruntled curve men, he found the city's main postal station, union organizers threw up a pocket full of 75 off-duty workers who greeted Blais and dared him to come over. Blais left without talking to union officials. At the corner of this year's negotiations, the curve was demanding, among other things, a 30-hour week (instead of 40 hours) a "substantial in-

crease" in pay (up from the current base pay for an inside worker after three years of \$43,087 annually) and a 10-minute break in every working hour. But the overriding issue in technological change and curve's angry workers is that union general has never honored the basic terms of the 1975 contract—which in Article 29 required management to give the union 120 days notice of technological change to let it elaborate "adverse effects" brought about by mechanization. In the curve's view, Article 29 should have given the union the right to negotiate the details of technological change each time some aspect of it was introduced in a new plant, a view that Ottawa firmly rejects.

Beyond the specific quarrel over mechanization lies a bleak history of labor-management relations inside the country's post offices that goes a long way toward explaining today's failure to communicate. When thousands of ex-servicemen and officers flocked into the Post Office following the Second World War, they took with them—and the workers were obliged to accept—a military-style relationship between boss and employee. The union never any question of challenging orders. "It was like the Dark Ages," recalls a veteran postal worker. "We were like chitchee." That did not necessarily make the system particularly efficient. Jean-Claude Poirier, curve's national vice-president, remembers as a Montreal postal worker during



Waste: the 12th postmaster in the past 15 years, which should tell you something.

the 1950s being told to dispatch a bag of mail to Quebec City even though, as he discovered, it contained mail for all parts of Canada. When he pointed that out, he was told clearly in other orders. "You, said Ottawa's 1967 decision to give federal mail services the right to collective bargaining, has largely wiped out the old military flavor, though some of the old ex-officers are still on the job. In the meantime, new problems have arisen. "I wouldn't call it nepotism," says Ross Farnes, president of the Winnipeg curve local, "but there's a lot of badly trained staff in those (Post Office) appointments and much better people are passed up." At the same time, complaints Peter Whittaker, curve's Vancouver leader, "we're having more trouble than ever before with the new breed of management. New people are being brought in from the outside who don't know anything about moving the mail. Our plant men go in all in name but meanwhile, we have people problems to deal with."

Most of today's curve leaders joined the Post Office during the old military era and as a result often seem to be still fighting the old wars. The curve, for example, has flatly refused to accept an olive branch extended by management in the form of its strategy scheme—a which labor and management are supposed to gather informally to let their hair down in sessions of mutual criticism and enlightenment—a de-

...Check the numbers.

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the letter carriers' union has embraced with positive results. "We've been letting our hair down for years—in the negotiating table," says Davidson, *cuw's* 52-year-old Scottish-born president. Adds Davidson, whose energy, confidence and every fringe of which has combined in the style of a Kootenai warrior have become a familiar and ominous sight on the nightly news: "Anyway, if the Post Office is breaking the existing contract with integrity, why isn't the post?" Davidson who plans to step down as leader during the *cuw's* July convention, decries, as Postmaster General Blais has charged, that the union's conduct calls for a constant advisory

stance toward management. "Mind you," says Davidson, "I believe in an advisory stance. It's the union's job to police the contract."

At times the hard-line positions taken by the *cuw* leadership appear to have run far ahead of risk and the sentiment. Toward the end of the notorious 1975 strike, says Bryce Mackay, who was Postmaster General at the time, "It became very evident to me that the majority of the workers were satisfied with Ottawa's offer" and equally "obvious that the leadership didn't want to settle." Had the strike continued for just a few more days, says Mackay, the workers would have begun

returning to work and the union leadership would have been effectively broken. Rather than have that happen—"because I'm not malicious"—Mackay made a few minor concessions that enabled the leadership to back out, and the strike was over. Says Eric Kates, one of Mackay's predecessors as Postmaster General of Davidson, "We've come here with his old world ideas of class hostility that are really out of place here."

The *cuw* is also a union played by water, internal divisions that at times threaten to tear it apart. There is a stark suspicion among some postal workers outside of Quebec that the fiery, dynamic Marcel Perreault, head of the 4,500-member Montreal local, exerts a disproportionate and somewhat sinister influence on the national leadership and that, by pressing the *cuw* into extreme positions unappealing to the rank and file beyond Quebec, hopes to break the national body and set up an independent Quebec postal union. Perreault denies this. "No one talking in Quebec is in Canada." In neighboring Ontario, Lou Murphy, leader of the Toronto local, finds himself in the awkward position of being a moderate in charge of a lot of hot, by all accounts, militant talk. A modest number of dedicated Marxists. Nobody in the *cuw's* national headquarters will even talk about Murphy, who is clearly in *défiance*. As for leftist elements in the *cuw*, says Davidson, "we don't invite militants, radicals, Communists. It's the Post Office and the treatment the workers receive there that has a radicalizing effect."

Unlike the *cuw*, the 15,000-member Letter Carriers' Union of Canada (lucw), which previous contract also ran out on June 30, forgoes no serious problems in negotiating a new one. "There are particular hang-ups," said Norma Nelson, the union's general vice-president. Like the inside workers, the letter carriers were a 30-hour week and a substantial pay raise came home annual pay after three years: \$12,840. There is no love lost between the two postal unions. "Our relations are very remote," says Nelson. "The *cuw* gets everybody into such a bloody mess with all their policies." And it is the letter carriers who have performed nationally since 1965, who bear the brunt of public wrath over late mail and *cuw*-inspired disruptions in the postal services. "We have guys," says Jimmy Brown, secretary of the LCU's Vancouver local number one, "who have been carriers for 30 years and are proud of it. They are hard to complain."

The failures on the part of Post Office management stem from the nature of the beast itself, a top-heavy, archaic bureaucracy in which the lines of command are constantly shifting and managerial decisions are confused. Blais, for example, is the fifth Postmaster General since 1970 and the twelfth since 1962—an average of nearly one a year. "Suppose you are in the Post Office middle management," says

five Kates, "looking above you for the fail of top management, and every time you look there is a new guy there. They never know what policy is." A post Post Office Treasury Board report entitled *Canada Post '73* that was leaked to the press earlier this year contained a scathing indictment of Post Office management policies. The report observed that "management at all levels of the organization con-

tinued that there had been a failure to provide the Post Office with clear objectives" and added that most Post Office managers themselves "perceived departmental internal communications by some standards, at least—in the clarity of inference."

The cure suggested by *Canada Post '73* might be to cut the Post Office loose from Ottawa's close embrace and turn it into a

Crown corporation that would be able to function like any other business, on a profit-and-loss basis—and without constant bureaucratic interferences. Eric Kates, during his stint as Postmaster General between 1968-1970, attempted to do this—he told Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau that "I guess I don't think the Post Office is a Crown corporation, nothing is ever going to change"—and came closest to bringing it about. He successfully pushed the process through cabinet, and, by the fall of 1970 a bill was ready to be tabled in parliament. At the last minute, Trudeau backed off, on the grounds that once the bill was tabled, no other legislation would have passed through the Commons during the session. Since then, the idea has been discussed periodically, but the incumbent Postmaster General seems generally cool on the subject. Says Blais: "There would be a certain greater flexibility, but there is a way the public will see spending of the Post Office as a government signature."

The Post Office is in the meantime fighting to recover lost financial ground in a variety of ways. In some parts of the country, a service called *Postpak*—a fast, cheap overnight trucking service—is attempting to recover a parcel post business lost to private carriers. The Post Office is also trying to win more business from distributors of junk mail (or, at least, as the Post Office prefers to call it) in order to make more efficient use of its now automated equipment.

What worries Jean-Jacques Blais is that in an age of electronic communications, the Post Office "is really retarded in the sense that the message we carry is written" and "people just cannot expect us to make an all-terrain electronic communication." Yet says Blais, a dark of volume: "Adequate" (it's a word that comes from Stagnos Falls, Ont.), "every time there is a strike threat, someone puts in a new tele or a new computer and we lose volume. Going through this summer's negotiating period is going to be harder in terms of volume." Adds Blais: "It will depend on labor. I'm not putting all the blame on the unions, but we are facing off competition. We are no longer the best in the age of speed-of-light communications."

Is there hope for the Post Office? In the long term, perhaps. Bryce Mackay, for one, is convinced that the Canadian postal system "will be the best in the world eventually." But that day may be some time coming. When the knicks of automation are finally spread out and the system is fully installed across the country, Blais hopes to see instant mail handling double to as little as 20% to 25% (from about 60% now). With that prospect in view, labor will undoubtedly continue to fight its rage and noise. In the meantime, those who use the mails will just have to learn to live with an imperfect, and often frustrated service. ☐

Wheeler and his computer: unfortunately there are still a few bugs in the system

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Great.



The World

Is the high-flying Brezhnev about to learn the first law of gravity?



He is 70 and wears a beaming and, and Western commentators have long been noticing, with some exaggeration, his immense denture. But despite his many reported ailments—cardiovascular, rheumatoid, some that wrong with his jaw and weak eyesight—Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev's brow still beetsle anxiously when he is crossed. The French discovered that when they offered him a green Maza Rascals folk car during his recent visit to Paris and—after a gruff refusal—had to reassign a blue, his favorite color. Former president Nikolas Polgory, dismissed just prior to the Paris summit and replaced by Brezhnev himself, could also testify that the bag of that bear-like figure he believed of cartoonists still is uncomfortably accurate.

New reports from the French capital suggest that the most people to feel his displeasure could be the statesmen of the West. For events seem to be turning against the Soviet leader and, if he fails to persuade his countrymen it is all the fault of the United States and its allies they, in turn, may start to question the "Brezhnev myth" in which the Soviet leader is portrayed to the benefit of world peace.

The list of Brezhnev's problems is a lengthy one and not all are as trivial as get-

ting the French to repaid the Rascals. One of the Soviet leader's chief concerns, as his gloomy morning Paris made clear, is the October deadline for a new arms control limitation treaty (SALT). Without it, as Washington also knows, the way will be open for a new and possibly dangerous stage in the nuclear arms race. With that urgency, therefore, the Soviet leader admonished his hosts for their contribution to the "constant dangers" that threaten the world. (French generals are arguing that the army should consider the East German border as not that line of defense), and forcefully noted the development of "new systems of mass destruction" which constitute a "particularly grave danger."

Allowance may be made, in considering the Soviet leader's labyrinthine needs for his need to keep his lip shut in the haggling over SALT—the Soviet case can only be helped if blame for the lack of progress is laid at the West's door. But there can be little doubt that there is a genuine element of personal concern, too, in Brezhnev's attitude. Failure to so vital a matter in SALT would severely enhance his prestige as the architect of détente between East and West.

A complicating factor as President Gar-

Brezhnev and Giscard: reports of his political health may be grossly exaggerated

and d'Earning made clear in rejecting his guest's statement, is that the West considers respect for human rights and ideological modernism as being just as essential for continuing détente—or at least that is so in the beginning position—and the year's vigorous rejection of détente in the East has put the Soviet Union on the defensive. Just how nervous Brezhnev is on that score was underlined by a Soviet attempt last month to detract the agenda for the forthcoming Belgrade review of the 35-nation Helsinki agreement on European security. Chief Soviet delegate Yev Voronov told his Western colleagues there would be "great significance" of his country's agenda for the review, which stresses the human rights aspect of the Helsinki agreement, were not accepted.

There have been other, less subtle, threats to Soviet diplomacy in recent weeks. The Carter administration stated the sale of a \$13-million com-pete, which the Russians said they wanted for weather forecasting, because it could have been used for war, and a much-heralded Soviet rapprochement with Egypt's President Anwar Sadat

(with a Brezhnev visit to Cairo in prospect) suddenly became a non-event. To make the point is, the Egyptians made it clear they thought the blame lay in Moscow. With a further important stage on the Middle East peace negotiations in the offing, it was hardly the moment for the crisis to fall out with one of the principal protagonists.

But for Brezhnev, the worst may yet be to come. On August 22, U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance is due in Peking to launch the Carter administration's long-awaited Chinese initiative. Advance talking was Vance's brief to pave the way for a resumption of full diplomatic links by the end of the year. This seems a shrewdly diplomatic. There has been no clear signal yet that the United States is willing to abandon Taiwan, a Peking precondition for an exchange of embassies with Washington. But it is a sure bet that U.S. Chinese relations, allowed to cool under former President Gerald Ford, are once more warming up.

That is very bad news for Brezhnev and the modernists in the Kremlin (like Washington, Moscow has its hawks and doves). The Soviet leader's détente policy was conceived at least partly to prevent China, after the United States and Russia, the world's third greatest nation, from forging close links with the United States and thus upsetting the delicate balance of world power. If détente were to be seen to be threatened, the hawk's arguments in favor of a return to a more belligerent attitude to the West would be much harder to resist—particularly as Brezhnev's own reputation for inflexibility would be tarnished. Perhaps the world should be worrying about Brezhnev's political health as well as his physical ailments.



Provisional IRA gunmen manning barricades in Londonderry (above) and Lymington (left) just because they have a common goal doesn't make them friends



steps to do. Lynch will be pressing Britain for a commitment to open talks, possibly 20 years from now. The Provo would be made that contact with that proposition, though they would reject the lengthy time scale. They calculate that once the British are on the slippery slope that leads to withdrawal it will be easy to speed things up.

The new Irish government by no means offers total loyalty to the U.K. Indeed, the betting in Dublin is that it will crack down on the Provo terrorists as hard as its predecessors. But as political stance may prove to be as disruptive as the terrorists' bombs to British policy in the North. There are two immediate aims of course: the future of Catholic-Protestant power sharing, and the British government's new pol-

icy for dealing with the Provo hit men.

The short-term outcome of the Dublin dialogue is expected to be a patchwork of talks that have been quietly taking place in the North between leaders of the 500,000 Catholic minority and the one million Protestants. Several attempts to reach a governing compromise in which minority and majority could cooperate in a provisional government, have failed in the past eight years. The current trend had seemed to have a better chance of success because most local elections are the expression of a strong, moderate political bloc. But demands from Dublin for a British promise to withdraw may provoke the Provo Protestants to break off the current negotiations.

The other casualty could be security. Shortly before the Irish election, Britain's Irish Secretary Sir Mason disclosed plans to shift the emphasis of the army's operations in Northern Ireland to "covert activity." His strategy is to fight first with fire by making the Provo guerrillas accountable the army's whereabouts or strength.

New men at the helm of the British army, modeled on the elite Special Air Services regiment which has been carrying on an undercover war against the IRA for 16 months, are being flown to Ulster. But the switch to covert activity is highly suspect in Dublin as the IRA has been well put on its feet for the last year for many years (the leader) and if Britain wants security cooperation

IRELAND

A gathering of hawks

Up an flights of states over a dissent opinion in Dublin's overpopulating Kevin Street is the headquarters of the Provisional Sinn Féin—the political front organization for the Provisional IRA. Ranged behind a long table, Sinn Féin leaders, several of them anonymous IRA activists who have been in and out of jail, are holding one of their rare press conferences in the wake of the unceremonious and long-overlooked Sinn Féin's First Goal coalition government.

The meeting is no coincidence. The Provo have been greatly encouraged by the upcoming 20-year victory won by the Flanagan Day opposition Ireland's new government shares the Provo's broad aim: Britain must pull out of Ulster and any solution of its problems must be in the context of a new-fled, 32-county Ireland.

Already there is widespread speculation—in the case of the British government shares the Provo's broad aim: Britain must pull out of Ulster and any solution of its problems must be in the context of a new-fled, 32-county Ireland.

People

Almost from her parents' **Liza Minnelli** has been group-finder **Robert De Niro** and **Martin Scorsese**, especially after *Taxi Driver* are deeper than efforts (De Niro simply refuses to talk to anybody) approaching the same date. So inevitably, when the just-released *New York, New York* was in production, the rumors started flying about Minnelli and Scorsese having an affair. Scorsese's response: "This is my first time in a real Hollywood situation. It's a drag... I do not think I'm going to be a lot of that kind of shit going on." Support for the rumor comes from the fact that when Minnelli had to "be pregnant" in the movie, Scorsese's then-pregnant wife helped her with the role. One apparent non-rumor is that on one scene where De Niro and Minnelli sit out, he, she and director Scorsese got to carried away they all fell out of a hospital for punching up.



Minnelli in NY, NY, not exactly love-hops.

The arrival of the Brexidan in New Yorkland in late June, establishing the feasibility of St. Brendan and friends having made it to the New World from Ireland 1,400 years before was warmly triumphant. Only one thing was missing: **Thor Heyerdal**. After the voyages of the *Kon-Tiki* and *Ra II*, there was a lingering exaltation that someone so repugnantly ancient was journeyers was complete without him. That next one is: early in November Heyerdal and a crew of 14 left depart on a raft built of reeds. It is the anniversary of the month of the *Tigra River* in what is in modern times Iraq. Heyerdalists to establish that ancient Mesopotamians had sea links with both India and Egypt. He and his crew will stay aboard, and go here the crew will stay in, in the old city of Babylon. "We'll if we sail for a year."



Robert and Minnelli sitting non-civilly

If *Cats* Wilder was make a movie about Sherlock Holmes' summer brother, *Macbeth* can do a small comic on *Bygones* Bardol's vision is *Wynona Bardot*, who did a few films a long time ago. In *Wynona* and *Macbeth*, mother of a 17-year-old daughter, and living comfortably in Loveovercome France. She also has a

Lucy Bruce once said that the format test for movies was to offer the most in choice of opening the night with *Kate Winslet*, or *Love Movie*. Having no less beautiful to day at 60 than she was 34 years ago in *Cabin in the Sky* and *Seven Women* in about to give a new generation of filmgoers an idea of what films meant. She will play *Grande*, the *Go-Go* of *Witch* in the film version of the *Black Broadway* version of *The Wizard of Oz*, called *The Wizard*. The cast also includes *Diana Ross* in the *Garden* role and *Michael Jackson* in the *John-John* role as the *Score* crew.



Natural in profile of this 'latter woman'

business, the design and fashion giant said, says, designers and fashion and fashions—which, apparently, have become something of a craze with the *Joe* Set. In fact one of her customers is *Lee Radzicki*, another one of the famous *Wynona* sister (Jackie O). "Lee looks my epitome" (30 lbs of *Wynona* *Wynona*) goes down very easily in rich kids' nurseries in midtown Manhattan."



Barnard: how to hang up the scotch?

There's an unbroken sentence that applies to young athletes in almost every sport. When the legs start to go... spoken a little sadly. The expression has in common in medicine is "gutter." When the heart starts to go... **Dr. Christian Barnard**, hands have started to go, and while everything can be done to correct the artery's condition, the heart transplant procedure may have opened his last chest. He has been seeking treatment, but the prognosis remains uncertain. Hard transplants have not been discussed.

Business

The shopkeepers' shopkeeper

By Peter Brimelow

John Belluch sweeps his vision through the Don Mills Ontario headquarters of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business with the force of a tornado, so that passing staff members at whom he hurls courteous greetings are left wondering the empty swirling air from his attention. He is a small, round, balding man, with quick dancing steps, occasionally throwing himself onto a couch, kicking off his spats, white shoes and putting his feet on the table revealing a small hole in one sock. Belluch has a quick, hunched laugh and in a crackle up he tells his head back eyes closing. Like a day buying at the store his walls are covered with photographs of him buying, in his capacity as president of the federation, with politicians of all hues, shops and stores. In one, Len Marshall, the director of the Ministry of State (Small Business) stands grinning on a chair flanked by Belluch and an uncomfortable Finance Minister. David Macdonald both well over an inch. Belluch's personality in the evening light, just as he is in a small hall at the mouth of his 45,000 member organization. The combination is sufficiently powerful to cause many to wonder about his ultimate intentions.

Belluch's story is well known. He is the son of an Italian-born Toronto tailor, a *John* *Glaser* said. After admission to parliament, such popular positions as the justice of *Rhododendron* and the director of *Christ* were recently suppressed by unprecedented rate increases, at the height. In his old days of the U.S. state department, Belluch's own image is more moderate. He graduated in engineering from the University of Toronto and was a salesman for Imperial Oil, Limited and Cities Service Company and an independent oil dealer before taking on sales and marketing for the *Kennerly's* *Roslyn* *Polytechnic* Institute. He craved onto the public as a leader of a better organization of small businesses against *Ernest* *Benson*'s 1969 proposal to reform laws which the federation is actively involved. A third major organization, the *Centre for International Studies*, has been abandoned. "No cash flow," says Belluch bluntly, adding that the same law has caused the Committee for an Independent Canada.

September will see the publication of what promises to be the definitive study of Canadian small business, subsidized by the *Centre for International Studies* *Bureau of Business Economics* *Report* 313 95. There could be no better example of a successful small business



Belluch: some things are a matter of faith; others require a little pressure

that the crew itself. It has more than 60 full-time employees, paid \$7,500 to \$30,000 depending on their ability to recruit members and persuade them to vote in the monthly general referendum. The most you have meetings you're not doing it. Belluch says enthusiastically that total control will be more than \$2.5 million this year, and he himself will receive nearly \$40,000. It is a bargain. The *CFIB* impact has been enormous. It is widely known to be in Ottawa on questions of taxation, credit and competition policy. Len Marshall's new department is generally interpreted as a commission to craft pressure, and while no one seems clear what exactly Marshall has done besides a rather pedestrian trip to the *CFIB*, Belluch is confident the new department can be captured by his members. In the recent *Commonwealth* debate on small businesses rights of the 12 speakers dwell on the *CFIB*'s role, one of which is to keep an informed of their local entrepreneurs' opinions, although admittedly *Arnold* *Reynolds* *Tim* *Tim* *Tim* was, however, under the impression that Belluch believes in "the compromises."

But Belluch's opposition to large corporations, particularly when they are organized as a business, in an organization which publicly shames most of its members. He

appears to subscribe to the socialist study of the North American economy popularized by *Gilbert*, whereby prices and investment decisions are determined by the power of large corporations rather than by market forces. Because British Columbia's forest lands have been leased to the big companies, he argues, log goods enough for lumber are being pumped for export (and turned into pulp). (Experts deny this. The forest generally does not require government intervention to reduce the imbalance. Belluch absolutely insists, it is—his response was and price controls to return after the next election, and he prepared small businessmen well directed that a portion of federal purchasing be from small firms. However, small entrepreneurs rather than bureaucrats are to be his employers. At least these are the only ones he mentions, and he tries to avoid the subject on the national attempts of his existing members to put governments to restrict evening and weekend competition from supercenters. He remarks severely that heat and light costs will probably halt evening shopping again.)

Hostility to large corporations is only part of what Belluch calls in his best-known school paper a "new socioeconomic model." Third World raw material output such as oil, he says, will force large growth, possibly acquisition on the West. Big organizations will become unstable because they need growth to sustain their internal dynamic. But smaller entities,

Ethics? What are they trading at today?

"It's a clear-cut dispute to the outside shareholders that is completely legal but unethical without a shadow of a doubt," says the Gluskin of Toronto stock brokers Brown, Baidern, Neider Ltd. He is referring to the \$12 a share offer by the controlling group at Sifton Properties Ltd. to buy back the 454,250 shares (33% of the company's 1,368 outstanding) which achieved 91% acceptance late last month. Sifton Properties president Kenneth Good emphasizes that the deal has been done in a "fair and equitable" manner. Sifton stock was quoted at five dollars a share in 1980, has never been higher than \$11.16, and recently traded at around eight dollars. Yet the company has been very successful—earnings have increased an average of 21% a year for the past five years, and book value rose from \$41 million in 1972 to \$105 million in 1976. Like many others in fields ranging from real estate (Truax Corporation Ltd., Dean Development Ltd.) to financial services (Tutorow Associates Corporation), Sifton's management has been tempted to buy out some or all of its minority shareholders when they are most vulnerable because the stock market isn't, by conventionally refusing to translate the company's record into a higher stock price, has made it possible.

Sifton Properties is 60% held by the Sifton family and 7% by Good. From their point of view, eliminating minority shareholders increases their relative claim on company earnings and removes its obligation to make revealing and sometimes



Good: the company isn't, and then, when the time is right, it buys back shares.

embarrassing financial reports. But the minority shareholders are getting much less from their shares as worth in terms of underlying Sifton assets. Coopers & Lybrand, Sifton's auditors, valued the shares at \$20.25 on an "adjusted asset approach" although it qualified its judgment by noting other factors should be considered. And there is a feeling that the company and its underwriter, Wood Gundy Ltd., could have done more to persuade the market of the value of Sifton's performance notwithstanding the low shares available to the public.

Wood, Gundy stressed in its letter to shareholders of the time of the offer that

market price is more important than asset price in such offers. In fact, according to Ontario Securities Commission deputy director of enforcement James DeCosta, there was some thought that the company need offer only \$10 a share to pull off the deal, and it was this offer that inspired the valuation. Wood Gundy president C. E. Medford refuses to talk about Sifton or to discuss an underwriting process that can leave minority shareholders with the short end of the stick later on. However, there was little doubt that the 10 or so institutional investors who hold most of the shares would accept the offer—they'd sell their grandmothers for 20% over market, says one observer.

Or, as Good puts it, they show "home sense." CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY



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possibly operate in areas that don't figure in current Grant National Product measurements (e.g. housework), will have the flexibility to survive. "We'd be a regional small, agrarian society" it envisions, pointing to examples of solar homes where the architect uses the weather for everything, including growing his own food—fish in plastic bags. Doesn't this sound a bit like a revival of economic basely involving urbanization and specialization in favor of a sophisticated and sophisticated farming? Bullock nods. It's already happening in Atlantic Canada, he claims, where better is bypassing cash relationships. His interviewer doubts that the technological pseudohood involves getting rich becomes depressed.

But Bullock is not depressed. He believes in the future, and he is a revival of the family. He talks warmly of the work of the Varner Institute of the Family, whose president recently blasted anti-money-grubbing, selfish and materialistic society for family problems in Canada. Although he does not volunteer the

information and details he has been again Bullock's role as president of a member of the fundamentalist Peoples Church in Toronto and a double lever in evolution. "I accept it in faith," he says with sudden humility of the Biblical account of the Creation when he was told that the human mind can solve, or even comprehend, the problems of life.

Bullock is far too clever to state these conclusions casually, and much of his time is taken defending his members' specific interests. He has to deal mainly with civil servants, he says, mostly where his U.S. counterparts lobby legislators. "We're more relevant than the opposition, and I don't like it." Entrepreneurial activity is largely a matter of culture and education, and Bullock's leadership is unquestionably valuable. Bullock is aware of allegations of a personality cult, and stresses his attempts to build the organization. Some critics of his corporation banking—which includes allegations that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is colluding—maintain that he has been known to

claim in private that it's a popular plot.

Politics, says Bullock, has no attraction for him, although he's had offers from all three parties. His important role as public mediator—he laughingly recalls one civil representative who saw a \$100 donation cheque turn up before his eyes after a wrong word about the war—and public the ethnic criticism of the evangelist. But his own attitudes are primarily diverse. For example, he can enter the diverse conservative sentiment that "man is inherently wicked," but his view of the United Nations (an open-door plan to divide the population) is virtually Marxist. Political observation, dazzled by his technical brilliance, may have difficulty assessing someone who preaches entrepreneurship yet tells himself for academic—and never assumed his PhD mission—and because his values merited too much with his relationship with his two children. Much with Bullock's bent for comprehensive philosophy are so unusual that it is impossible to say what might motivate them to further explosive activity.

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CFRB 1010 SPORTS



Will Rogers said income tax turned more people into liars than golf. It's debatable

Sports column by John Robertson

Another Canadian Open Golf Championship is upon us, but if we printed out the scores it might be well to say I plan to miss this one (in Oakville, Ontario, July 18-20), but it can vividly remember covering several opens. I budge over hill and dale for endless hours at a stretch—wedged in among the viewing, wandering, hordes—often even to cough or curl up, for fear of being shot on the spot by some indignant marshal wearing a pink helmet.

"Would you mind not lying while Mr. Nicklaus is putting, Sir?"

"I didn't do it by choice, Old Boy."

No other sport leaves its spectators more shabby than they are treated by the royal and ancient Colours Blimp who run these tournaments. They force you to park your car at least a mile away from the front gate. They hold you behind ropes into elongated queues of parking, busily driving to see over one teacher's back, while former U-bone commandos weave through the crowd, brandishing portable genies, whistling, "Tut tut, Arse." They expect you to behave as if you were at the grounds of a relative, watching the over-cuddly old Charlie from 20 feet out.

But you don't know what pressure is until you've followed Jack Nicklaus for four hours in the blazing sun, only to find yourself at the 18th hole, fiddling over like a clown with repaired lids, and not a Johnny on the Spot in sight. Jack's only playing for \$500,000, but you are racing for your life... toward the nearest bush.

There is a deeply rooted reason why I despise pro golfers: they make a look so easy it is disgusting. Also, they are among the most pure period athletes in all of creation. Could you imagine Guy Lafleur replacing this as the mascot for the Montreal Canadiens? The father-to-son duo on the Baccarat River and the ball began to float downriver. She set out in a boat in her period, but he had no way to the shore. When they finally caught up to the ball a mile and a half downstream, she clipped it onto dry land, and then had to play through a mile and a half of forest before finishing the hole in 116 strokes. She made the Guinness Book of Records.

Golf is the only sport, with the possible exception of sex, in which the cheater is usually prouder. I have almost perfected the art of winking my club in dense bush with one hand, while lobbing the ball artfully out onto the green with the other hand. I always improve my lie with a flick of the club or a kick of the shoe, and I will not hesitate to step accidentally on my opponent's ball if we're playing for money. I



den, every time we bury a club head in the turf, several nukes behind the ball.

I lost eight balls on my first 18 holes that year, and I barely missed losing a ninth when (oh heaven!) I tried to pick up a dove the size of a beaver pelt, with just one hand. Last fall I bought a new driver and the clerk asked me how I wanted it wrapped. "Don't worry about that," I said. "I've already picked out the perfect wrapping. I hope it should go around twelve two and a half times." The old wooden club felt like a bomb, because you could hear the satisfying crunch of wood upon wood.

I am sometimes haunted by the story about a player in the qualifying round of the Shawnee Invitational for Ladies in Delaware, Pennsylvania, back in 1912. On the twelfth hole, the path to the green was the Baccarat River and the ball began to float downriver. She set out in a boat in her period, but he had no way to the shore. When they finally caught up to the ball a mile and a half downstream, she clipped it onto dry land, and then had to play through a mile and a half of forest before finishing the hole in 116 strokes. She made the Guinness Book of Records.

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Actually, I loved to play some of my best golf after dark, in the city. We had the big dog that used to roam thoughtfully around all over our back lawn. In the dead of night I used to creep stealthily out back, brandishing an old wedge I kept in the basement, and calmly chip the dog out onto the fence into the neighbor's yard, or sometimes even into their pools. That would teach them for having a pool. The high point came one evening when, under the influence of the grape, I sneakily clipped one into a neighboring bedroom window. Minutes later the man appeared at his back door and barked his own dog off the porch and a stream of epithets. Why do I keep playing golf, you say? It's a year! Because of my insatiable conviction that just one more I'm going to hit a ball close and watch a rare vintage and true toward wonder flag. It happened once last year. There was this guy on our clubhouse, sort of a kind of over-the-hill, and well, something in the news took a game on it.

Oh by the way, I forgot to tell you my handicap. It's flat feet and a questionable cough.

Blowin' in the wind

Youth doesn't have to be wasted on the young

By Sandra Peredo



It was the perfect day for a festival: warm and sunny—and over the heads of the popcorn chomping—200 garbage bags flittered in the breezes blowing off Lake Ontario. Which proves that anything is what you make of it—and of a garbage bag you can make a kite. If you're Ken Levent, Mr. Kite of Canada, and have spent 20 years trying to teach people to fly kites—of 200 garbage bags you can make a kite festival. Can fans plant them, get them together to form a dragon or a butterfly—three basic roles you take.

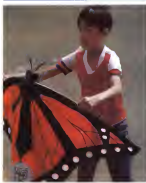
It's all in fun, and even in charity. The Glad Kite Festival had its fly-off this June in Toronto to promote fly Brethren Week. The following weekend Cane Flys With Us, funded by Toronto's Inn on the Park, uses proceeds to the Ontario Society for Crippled Children.

It is hard to tell, however, where passion meets hope ends and real income be-

gins. "You do get a lot of proceeds, of festivals," says Murray Madell, proprietor of High As A Kite, Vancouver's kiteshop devoted to kites and kite equipment that the richest must be there as well. In 1975, its first year, High As A Kite grossed \$100,000. The Kite Store in Toronto, did \$100,000 worth of business in its first 12 months. And though Montreal has had a kite store for years, new ones have recently opened in Ottawa and Quebec City. Six industrial air people are living up to fly words: the kite sport where you can be both a spectator and participant at the same time. "At Vancouver's Great Pacific Air Kite Festival held in April, I see a lady come to attend speakers," says Madell, "providing a trip for two to Vietnam on a local airline which also paid one third of the show's \$300 budget, and coffee and donuts were provided by a brewery. In this wind as well," says Madell, "a talk of printing on re-

cents on the bags, a clear thought that says their goodness into—to that the bag itself with the company logo can be made into a kite.

Hype and speakers aside, what is there in this sport for the person who just wants to go fly a kite? For some it's the nostalgia of cardinals on sunny days, spun romping over giant kites. For one man at last year's 10th Annual St. John's Kite Festival who said his kite wing, around his bag, got so hot fly while simultaneously smoothing his gut friend: it is something you can work into your schedule without being totally distracted. "It's great to be able to enjoy something that isn't got a name to it," says Bob Warner, 48-year-old firefighter and founder of the 18-member East Toronto Kite Club. The club flies every week, and in all weather except rain. "We even put them up in snow, so long as there's a breeze," Warner calls kite therapy in



Toronto kite Steven Ho, with his Monarch Butterfly, Michael Biele with his Eagle Kite (above), and right, a homemade Frog-Man and Tinkadoodle's Honey-Bee Delta (top). For self-invented names, the kite on the facing page is Phoenix.

motion. "If I get into serious work at a fire, I come out afterward and fly kites. It puts me completely at ease."

The concept of flying for relaxation is a new one for this part of the world. In the East people have been flying kites for fun for thousands of years. In China it is even believed the soaring of the human soul, but the Western approach has been scientific, aerodynamic. Alexander Graham Bell and the Wright brothers took kites as the first experimental airplanes. In 1901 Marconi sent the first transatlantic wireless message in a signal in Newfoundland that was held aloft on a kite.

"After the success of airplanes, kites were left to children," says Ken Warner, owner of The Kite Store. "It's only in the past few years that people have grasped the spiritual aspects of flying around on the grass, drinking a little wine—some even smoke a little hash—putting a kite up in the air and gazing on it." For those who prefer crowds and competition, there are a lot of festivals where citizens are judged for everything from size (largest and smallest) to originality and beauty in flight. "People get very serious, even hostile, if they lose," says Warner, who was recently invited to a festival so small it was held in a cow pasture and kites "had to be careful where they go down."

Choices of kites can range from a one-dollar Japanese Lucky Carp Windsock, in Paper to a \$400 parafol shaped like an airplane wing, but the homemade varieties are popular too. In Newfoundland, lots fly

cigarlike papers on a spool of thread, and one of the winners at this year's Great Pacific Kite Festival was a kite made out of a shirt and boxer shorts with panty hose hanging from it.

Things to avoid: power lines—there is a danger of electrocution, diamond-shaped kites—said to be lousy flyers but fine for sticking on the mastel with the hooky and successful trophies. Unless you believe, as does one of Warner's customers, that kites are not for decoration but "should be free and in the sky." Things to watch for: the South Annual St. John's Kite Festival, July 17; the Vancouver Sea Festival, July 14; the Framing a demonstration of the Japanese sport of kiteflying—participants try to down competing kites. And there's always the Kite Bar lounge at Mitchell Airport. It is decorated with the one-of-a-kind creations of kite artist Claude Thibautson of Montreal. ☐

Films

The Devil must have made them do it. There's no other explanation

DISORDERLY FILM

Directed by Jean Rouch
Get out your Ben-Venut spiky-pole strip
Satan's back and Linda Blair's got her
again! *The Exorcist* is a sequel to *The Exorcist*, the devil-possession "hate-to-lose-your-eye" shocker which had audiences shrieking and rushing to the exits in 1973. This *Exorcist II* is a sequel, too, but the violence is through laughter. It is an exceptionally terrible film compounded of the greed that is in every media machine: the producers (who all allow it to invoke the Jesuit paleontologist Teilhard de Chardin as resident flack) and the slick salesmen of a director (John Boorman) who seems not to know which end is up. William Friedkin's original film, like and unlike through its purposes might have been seen at least effusive in its effects, Boorman's sequel is clumsy from beginning to end. Linda Blair again plays the troubled Regan, and she appears to have been possessed. She is undergoing therapy with a medical psychiatrist (Louise Fletcher, who gives no evidence here of having acted as public before) at the same time as yet another licensed priest (Richard Burton) is investigating the details of her original exorcism. It is clear that all is not well, and through the magic of "synchronized hypnosis"—a giddy Hollywood invention whereby two people put on matching electrodes and by it even a sane woman's "hysterical" troubles are traced all the way back to Africa. The bad audience was sent down into France, an audience is available through an African mystic named Kikuyu. Truly

The Exorcist "shows scenes of plot and characterization go well beyond pureism, death badly (it is in about 20 seconds) with the question of end. Fletcher puts it all down to mental illness and the malice of a corrupt society. Burton points out, to no one in particular, that "the world doesn't want any more wars." Teilhard de Chardin's two wings are compressed to provide a record of universal mental life.

There is a way, however, to enjoy some of the *Exorcist*, and that is to wait (with an extremely sturdy patient) through its high-level banquets for a handful of moments of a disturbing darkness. Moments are made of these:

Wait for the scene in which Linda Blair demonstrates her general girlish innocence by lip-flicking to a *John G. Brown*, in scenes which seem fearfully imagined to the film, or the scene in which the exorcism is a lot of rapid chest action, as if she were inflating a life preserver under



Blair and Burton v. the demon location: it makes you long for the green approach

her in ghastly (it is necessary to have evidence that the girl didn't sell herself to the devil in exchange for talent).

Wait for Richard Burton, in full-fledged howl and with his hunkies obviously ready to Dylane Thomas or Shakespeare, as intense—if Kikuyu could tell me how he survived France.

Wait for the music of the ancient child, named to speech. Her first words: "I'm



an idiot." Her mother's dramatic response: "She's talking!"

Wait for the final scene in which a tan woman (though a well as a professional) and a woman (unusually herself) and a house cracks apart and sinks into the ground, all without raising one neighbor. But don't hold your breath for *Exorcist III*.

CLARENCE

Max maxima culpa

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE
Directed by Werner Herzog

Manfred Ophüls has forged a film career as the conscience of the Western world. The son of the great German director Max Ophüls who had *Europe and Hitler* in 1935, he has persisted in exploring the relationship between guilt and man. In *The*

Memory of Justice

Europe and Hitler (1971), he exposed the behavior of the French during the Nazi occupation of France in World War II. In *A Zone of Love* (1973), he looked at the effects of the war on Northern Ireland upon the daily life of its citizens. His latest documentary is a 40-hour gash blanc, promoting the contemporary dictum that we are all guilty. Well yes, perhaps we are, but it's too easy to escape blame rather than judgment and conviction. Universality of guilt thus becomes a contagious disease, when to single person is innocent, no consideration of individual action is possible.

The Memory of Justice ranges freely through the past few decades in its pursuit of war and criminals, but its elementary thrust is the question of war crimes, and its compass in the trial of the Germans charged with "crimes against the peace of the world" at Nuremberg in 1945. Ophüls combines personal interviews with some of the participants, and it's fascinating to see how time has treated them. Teilhard Taylor, the chief U.S. Army prosecutor at the trial, now eloquently charts the growth of his own moral commitment against the realized revelation of complicity Taylor's British counterpart, Lord Shawcross, now startlingly offers a defense of bombing attacks against civilians, arguing that the victims would then use their government to make peace. Some unexpected old Nazis and some extremely colorful alleged Nazis ("I don't feel innocent, I am innocent") show their outrageous behavior, genuine lies.

The most compelling perceptions, of course, are those of the victims themselves. The film's most moving figure is a former concentration camp prisoner—now a Communist senator in France—remembering on the bewildering absence of joy that surrounded the birth of her own children, as she recalled companies lost in the holocaust who would never discover that expensive for themselves. Ophüls' own feelings reveals these instances of memory and anguish, and it's here that *The Memory of Justice* runs its distance. In Ophüls' experience, a historic observer of human fate, watch what happens to them when the long name.

Nevertheless, he spreads his argument too thin, and the film achieves breadth at the expense of depth. We get not only Germany in World War II, but also Ethiopia, Algeria and Vietnam. (It's a pity even from Daniel Ellsberg, Jesus Christ saying *How dare all the flowers grow?* in Germany, an odd juxtaposition with made Germany in a luxury villa, and an odd co-existence of Ophüls' own German-born wife.

Much of the data remains interesting and several of the individuals are memorable (troubly as intelligent American couple struggling desperately to come to

Corpses of Jews murdered at the Treblinka concentration camp, and the man who ordered it done: one was really all guilty!

The Second Summer

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with the loss of their son in Vietnam. But the *Shogun* premier that Oplala could have gone on introducing crew witnesses on initiation, and one finally long for—and miss—a controlling and tact to provide some shape to their incoherent experiences. **GRADE: D**

The bottom line

THE DEEP
Directed by Peter Yates

In the hope that mass marketing history would repeat itself, it's a safe bet that the Hollywood "dies" men had finished the poster for *The Deep's* posters even before the premiere of Peter Banchley's new novel. Not that *The Formula* in the aquatic conspiracy seems to be based on the assumption that if a novel's success springs from a threat just below the surface of the sea, then there would be even more thrills (and profits) if the depths were plumbied for their it's a giddy undercurrent to say the assumption is mistaken.

Two vacations in Bermuda (Jacqueline Bisset and Nick Nolte) involve a cache of hard drugs while doing some casual skin-diving. When they refuse the offer of black gangster Brian Cloche (Kevin Costner) to retrieve them from their final Cache's drugs reflect Bisset to the class of acts. Meanwhile readers displace about, including a little voodoo body-planting on her crazed midriff with a bloody chicken foot. Properly aroused, the couple realize the help of local treasure hunter (Robert Shaw) who in his early but comradely way takes to them.

Tinkered between the endless hours of vacation cleaning the bulk of a nation's wealth. War II clip for 19th-century treasure, and long-term sea in local history are shown. It's a case to be strange a cache of drugs, there is barely time for Nolte to dive off a giant eel with his camera flash, before Shaw goes into a pique over the black's murder of his blood-brother, which Cloche is to the and blows *The Deep's* whole set off the reel.

If this sounds breathless and contrived to the telling, *The Deep* is doubly so to watch Al Chidgren's gaudy underwater cinematography may well have evoked the wild, almost beauty of the ocean itself. But John Barry's score of over-pinked bubble-asthenes heaps and something that endlessly stretches. Such high-gloss sound effects customarily fade back, but in so that they seem surrealistic. Instead we get a few oddly startling currents by a rubber-encased and one scene in which Jacqueline Bisset, trapped in a Porthole cut-off T-shirt, struggles against an unseen "something" and that is about all director Peter Yates manages to dredge up by way of the adventure "horror of the deep" before folding off in a crash of *The Deep's* cinematic bubble.

When Banchley's *Joe* was a marvel of narrative design, so rich in allegory supportive as in sheer bombastic rhetoric, *The Deep*



Bisset: the water the look, the better

simply begins in all the wrong places in the mood evaporation like a cheap action farce. What's off-camera is that addition to the explanation of our anonymous fear of water. *The Deep* seems to cheapen nature. The black had gay sexual abuse of Bisset, for example, finds its violent climax in the poisonous fight between Shaw's white brother and a black thing who builds an outboard motor in imitation of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Worse as if to justify the excuse, Banchley and co-scenarist Tracy Wynn make a final desperate lunge to cut the viewer to the film's "deeper" symbolism: the eel becomes a dragon-guardian of the treasure. The stiff jack-of-nolte assumes "knightly" proportions while Shaw graciously shows the Holy Grail.

All this allegorical fidelity only points up more clearly that *The Deep* never gets out of the shallow. In the end, the film just manages to waddle along wearily some help hugging off harping a few bubbles, heading for the rainbow to check the box-office receipts. **BARBARA**

New and commended

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Black Sunday: Mid-Easternity vs. the all-American Super Bowl. Top-notch suspense.

T V

So well remembered

If people remember less at all, they remember less in the fat, six-term mayor of Montreal when it was wide open, the mayor who was exposed during the war. Charles Houde is a figure from an almost forgotten era, as distant a symbol as Cab Calloway singing at the Cotton Club in Harlem. Energetic, sentimental, mischievous, indulgent, provocative, and debased, he is now a symbol of a cold image of French-Canada, a strange mixture of resistance and subservience, pride and humiliation—and for English Canada both threatening and reassuring.

Canadians have ignored the history of their cities and it is a safe bet that the names of Jimmy Walker and Franklin D. Roosevelt—mayors of New York during the same period—are better known than that of Camille Houde. A first step in correcting this has been taken by the National Film Board, whose engineering team is producing a documentary *Mr. Montreal* will be shown on CBC-TV, Sunday, July 30 at 8 p.m.

Born in 1889, Houde emerged from the obscurity of a night-club of business failures to become a powerful Conservative member in 1923, and mayor of Montreal in 1928. From 1928 until 1954, when he resigned as mayor, he was always on the scene—although not always mayor. The city is then the film—co-directed by Denis Bellet, Marie-Claire and Robert Duceau—has not on a cue sheet for a year and a half before being dropped into the bottomless pit of the millennium schedule. It didn't deserve such neglect, it's an excellent place in a cultural slice of the urban history we live in.

Easy virtue and easy money furnished Houde the grandstanding of the Houde years, and he ran Montreal with an economic mixture of ingenuity and corruption (often going so far as to pay his mayor's salary in the unemployment, job patronage and bribe system). The film captures the mood of the era, though at times with an excessively understanding nostalgia. "It's a compassionate look at corruption, the lack of hypocrisy is the whole thing—the kind of corruption in which nobody was getting hurt," says co-director Brian Farnham. Detective-organism Fred Savage sees the tone. "In 1940, 10 District," Savage recalls, "we had such a dinner between [a]nti-gambling police and they were all wide open. We had anti-gambling, we had our houses for the banks, we had lottery tickets, betting and everything. Everybody was so happy. And everybody lived like a human being should live."

Houde ended provoking shame. When Princess Elizabeth visited Montreal and was cheered wildly in an open car, Houde turned to her and said, "Your Royal Highness, come of that for you." After a particularly ribaldrous speech, a reporter for an English-language paper asked the mayor if the won't worried that the excited crowd might rush out of the hall and smash windows on the affluent hillside of Westmount. "Young man," boomed Houde, "is not like a river—a river runs up!"

His political instincts, however, on occasion failed him. In August, 1940, Houde announced that he was refusing to obey the national registration that was the precursor of conscription. He was sharply rebuffed by police late at night and whisked away to a summer camp for four years. "Houde's internment should have been a national disgrace," commented co-director Duceau in an interview. "But nobody said anything. Four years in internment camp without any money because he opposed Mikeasou King."

The other major setback—after he was released and released—came from undercurrent pressures for reform. In 1954, he had needed at the dagger in his power from a vice mayor. But the police proved that their past corruption and patronage related in an administration, and Houde, humiliated, resigned.

The probe's lawyer was Houde's successor, Jean Drapeau. While both men can be seen in many accounts, it will be long before Drapeau's style and acceptance are viewed with the same fond nostalgia as Houde's can be now. **CHARLES FARNHAM**



Houde: some things get better with age

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Column by Allan Fotheringham

If you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs, you obviously don't understand the situation.—Albert Einstein, psychiatric saying.

There is a myth abroad, enhanced by Mackenzie King, Denzoe, Duthie and Rod Kelly, that Canadians are dull, that Canadian life is staid and that existence in Canada is a daylong yawn. How this story got about will always puzzle me, since because the mark bears a country of true force, an infamous band of truth hidden behind the blank face. For example:

Jean-Pierre Goyer is still in the cabinet. Harold Ballard went to jail on 47 counts of fraud and theft regarding the mucko of Canadian hockey—Maple Leaf Gardens—is elected to the Hockey Hall of Fame.

The Liberal government—in concert with France, South Africa and Australia—sets up a canal to fix uranium prices and divide up the world market. When defeated, thanks to a U.S. congressional investigation, Finance Minister Don Macdonald Movers about his "intention" into Canadian affairs. Levee!

Pierre Trudeau, elected in 1968 on a landslide by the anglophone and of Canada in the belief that only he could deal with Quebec, and having announced early in 1970 that separatism is dead, sinks to the top of the polls in 1977 because it felt only he can deal with a parliament.

A major league baseball franchise is granted in Toronto, thereby opening the possibilities for the exotic range of distinctive Canadian names. The team in the end is named the Toronto Blue Jays because the brewery that owns the team sells a beer called Blue Brewsja!

It is agreed by all thoughtful Canadian voters, who rejected Robert Stanfield in three successive federal elections, that if only Robert Stanfield rather than Joe Clark led the Progressive Conservatives the Tories would be a crumb at the next election.

The Canadian government, which gave Mr. Justice Thibault three years to determine whether a pipeline would harm the fabric of the Mackenzie Valley lifestyle, decided swiftly—once faced with Judge Berger's disapproval—to allow University of St. Dean of Law Kenneth Leys to fill 90 days to investigate how a pipeline might harm the Yukon. *Funniest!*

Eugene Whelan, in the year 1977, is still a cabinet minister.

Joe Clark announces that one of the major reasons why he has not come across to

the Canadian public is that he has been "disproportionately specific" on issues. *Dynamite!*

Harold Ballard, the ex-convict now a member of the Hall of Fame, is announcing the making of Rod Kelly, the son. All-Star and Member of Parliament, explained that Kelly was not freed. It was just that "his contract was not renewed." This country is without humor? Don't be silly! John Reynolds, the Tory son from Van-



See the pretty flower in Pierre's lapel? Look closer. That's some joke, art!

cooner who called a press conference early in the year to announce that he was not in fact exactly *reigning* but that he planned to resign his seat to accept a high-paying executive post with a paint company in California, later less-guessed himself and a fellow job by accident in a private way, then accidentally cut a fellow as at the face while using a prison shield, and was forced to destroy a tape when caught trying to record an interview with Squawky Frodoose, an incident thought to coincide

with his decision to join the party job in favor of a hot-dish rule on a Vancouver radio station. When last heard from, Reynolds was musing the case for a TV documentary 20 years in the making that recorded Reynolds as dealing with alleged Mafia figures in a backing used for bookmaking and other organized crime activities. Reynolds, by the way, occupied the largest majority in all the last federal election. Who says the Mink Bros. are dead?

The Parti Québécois, directing through Bill Oue that the government will decide which schools pupils of Quebec citizens must attend, finds it rather unfair that outsiders mention that 13 of the 19 Quebec cabinet ministers who have children send them to private schools.

Pierre Trudeau, a supposedly ruthless man, is often cannot find it within himself to sack incompetents within his cabinet who embarrass all but in decent by refusing to do the honorable thing. Pierre Trudeau cannot bring himself to sack Jean-Pierre Goyer.

Transport Minister Otto Lang goes to lawyers to stop in Saskatchewan the distribution of a newspaper supplement containing a statement by wife Adrian Lang that "Otto Lang is the finest human being I've had the privilege to know." The article, containing the ban by Mrs. Lang's politician brother Tony Morham that in a boy he once with seven years without a dog, becomes a collector' runs in Saskatchewan more covered than the banned edition of *Penthouse*. Mindless core possesses sufficient power.

Canadian reporters, attempting to determine how many Canadian executives have cheated on air regulations to achieve hefty pay increases, must bypass the rapine Canadian government and go to the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington to find out the salaries of such Canadian tycoons as the Senator of the crew. The Canadian Liberal government continues repeat. *Wonderful!*

The wife of the Canadian Prime Minister (who once explained that she did not want to be a flower in her husband's lapel) cancels her visit to the Silver Jubilee in London on behalf of an American TV network because of the fear that she will attract more media attention than the Canadian Prime Minister. How can you make it up?

Jean-Pierre Goyer is still in the cabinet. Sit back and think about it for a moment. Your gloom is dangerous. There is a light on the horizon. The country, when perceived correctly, is high comedy.



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